

The Sketch

No. 787.—Vol. LXI.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1908.

SIXPENCE.

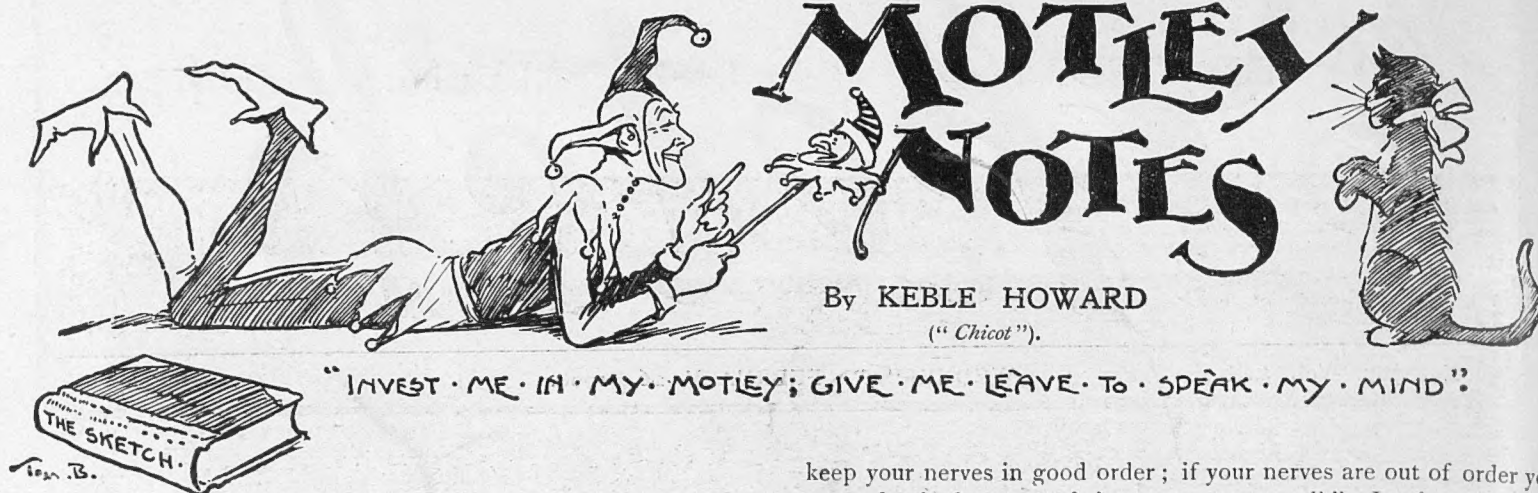


Mlle. Liane D'Eve.

THE STAGE AS A DRESSING-ROOM: Mlle. LIANE D'VE AT THE TIVOLI.

Mlle. D'Eve sings a number of songs, and makes her changes of costume on the stage in view of the audience.

Photograph by Hana.



"Good Morning, LOO2°*/£5."

It is all very well for an actress of renown to regard with equanimity the fact that her understudy resembles her in appearance so closely that respective intimate friends cannot tell them apart. But this "doubling" in real life is being overdone. The time has come, it seems to me, when the Government should step in to prevent any possibility of confusion in the identity of the individual. If we number motor-cars, cheques, postal orders, railway engines, and convicts, why in the world should we not number everybody and everything else, particularly everybody? The operation might be combined with vaccination. The doctor, instead of making three or four meaningless marks on the child's arm or leg, might just as well, while he is about it, write "LOO2°*/£5"—or something neat, ornamental, and simple of that kind. We should then do away with all necessity for the registration of criminals' thumbs and all the bother of passports. The place to do it would be the nose, because, changing fashions notwithstanding, the nose is always left uncovered. You may urge that this would be disfiguring. I reply, not a bit of it! You can get used to anything of that sort in twenty minutes. At a fancy-dress ball the other night I saw a girl gazing rapturously at her lover, who had blacked his face all over. Did she notice the change? Not she!

"Dare-devil Dorothy."

I am entirely in sympathy with the eminent lady-novelist who has written to the editor of a daily paper on behalf of a peccant Dorothy. "Taken at her worst," pleads the novelist, "Dorothy is a naughty child. Taken at the best, she is an adventurous child, who loves romance, and has read popular fiction, exalting the bushranger and the highwayman, and applied what she read to life as she knew it." After all, what did Dorothy do? Let me quote once again: "The child appears to have stolen a 'truck' (which was replaced), a few little things from a windmill, a hammer, three baskets, a tin of paint, seventeen eggs, a garden hoe, and, according to the police, a bottle of beer!" You see the scheme that Dorothy had in mind, don't you? Weary of this drab old world, she intended to construct an air-ship and sail away to more romantic planets. The truck would have formed the body of the air-ship, and the "few little things from a windmill"—may one presume that these were the sails?—the propellers. The three baskets were to be filled with sand, doubtless, and used as ballast. The hammer would probably have been returned to the owner on the completion of the vessel. The garden hoe, I expect, would have been utilised by Dorothy for steering purposes, whilst the eggs and the beer—an excellent combination—were Dorothy's provisions. Seriously, I wish success to Dorothy's champion.

A Wealth of Platitudes.

I wonder whether you have noticed, friend the reader, the modern tendency to platitudinise? It has arisen, of course, from the parlous condition of the private individual. I loathe paradox, but must descend to it for once in order to explain my meaning. The private individual, then, has now become the public individual. He has been stripped of his honourable obscurity and forced into making public utterances either on platforms or in newspapers or through both mediums. Everybody, in fact, is saying something; but so few of them have anything to say that the platitude is the height of fashion. Pick up your daily paper any morning you like, and read the extracts from the speeches and writings—more particularly the speeches—of the amateur reformers. Here are a few: "The way to be well is to

keep your nerves in good order; if your nerves are out of order you may take it for granted that you are not well." In that case, you see, the speaker was so sure of having hit upon a new idea that he repeated it without delay. Again: "To few people is the distress of poverty so actual a thing as to the wives of poor men who dwell in cities." There is no contradicting a statement of that sort. Or this: "It is the duty of every girl to look pretty first and be comfortable afterwards." (Horrors! I said that myself!)

"Our Home Page."

Without a doubt one of the most beautiful features of modern English life is the "Home Page" of the evening journal. There is a pleasant intimacy, a gentle, unaffected friendliness about this page that must surely appeal to the nice-minded millions who dwell within sound—luckily for them!—of the newsboy's voice. On that page you may learn what to do with salt when you are not either cooking or eating; on that page you may learn what to say to Mrs. Jones when her misunderstood husband has just been led into the shade for embezzlement; on that page you may learn eighteen different reasons for not putting a baby with whooping-cough on a cheese diet; on that page you may learn, above all, what to wear, when to wear it, and how to put it on. It is, for example, from "Our Home Page" that I have just rescued the following—"Blue will be one of the most popular colours for spring suits." This is a piece of intelligence that will certainly bring joy to many and many an English home. It had been hinted, among those in a position to know, that vermilion with a zigzag green stripe would be all the go among the very smart folk this year; and the man who remembered that his last year's blue suit was still holeless had been wondering what in the world to do about it. And now, all of a sudden, joy!

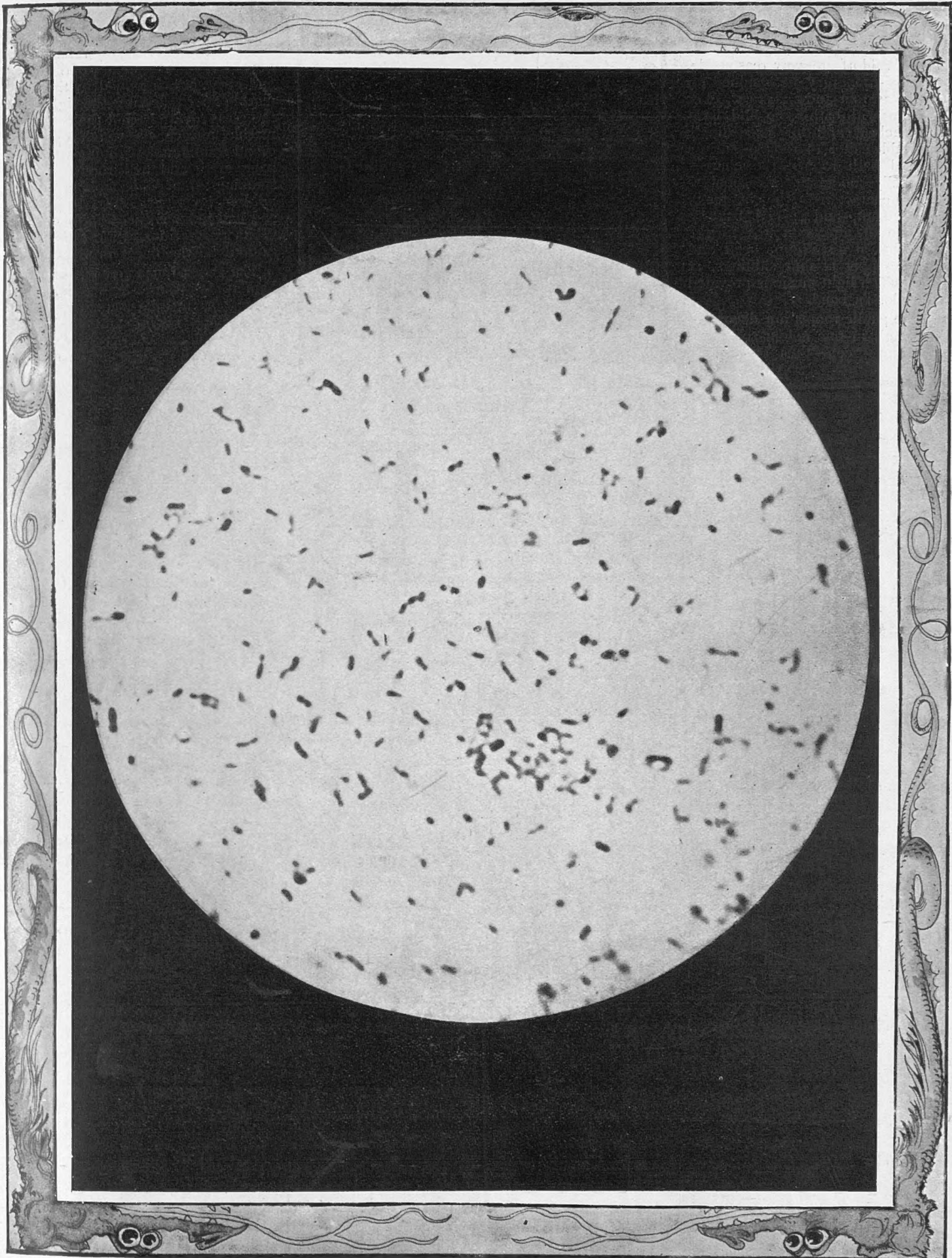
In fact, I have been inspired to make a little song about it. Quite a simple song, to be sung by the simple, in unison, to a simple tune. I call my words—

THE SUIT THAT IS EVER BLUE.

Lift your head a little, darling,
Raise your eyes to mine;
Joy lurks in the offing, darling,
Joy for thee and thine:
Who cares for the storm-cloud's angry frown?
Or wail of gull as the sun goes down?
My taste, dear heart, will still be true—
My suit shall still be blue.
Blue, blue, heavenly blue!
Cheapest for me, dear, and nicest for you;
Heed not the grim gnaw of the wolf at the door,
For my suit shall still be blue.
Let me hear you chuckle, darling,
Laugh, ah, laugh aloud!
We'll be in the fashion, darling,
Strolling with the crowd;
Last month we loathed the fur coat of Brown;
Last month we mourned for your shabby gown;
But spring is here with joyful hue!
My suit is still quite blue.
Blue, blue, heavenly blue!
Pressed out by me, dear, and cleaned up by you;
Have done with alack for the trousers green-black—
My suit is still true-blue!

You will understand, I hope, that this song is intended merely for family use—in fact, for the readers of "Our Home Page." It may be sung without fee, but not without license.

DO YOU RECOGNISE IT? THE INFLUENZA GERM



THE MOST MISCHIEF-MAKING MICROBES OF THE MOMENT · INFLUENZA GERMS
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In order that our readers may know influenza germs when they see them, and be in a position to pass them by on the other side, we beg to introduce them to their notice. We would further remark that there is no doubt that the right culprit has been caught by the camera: many should be able to bear witness to this.

LONDON'S NEW HOTEL: THE WALDORF.

LUXURY WITH ECONOMY.

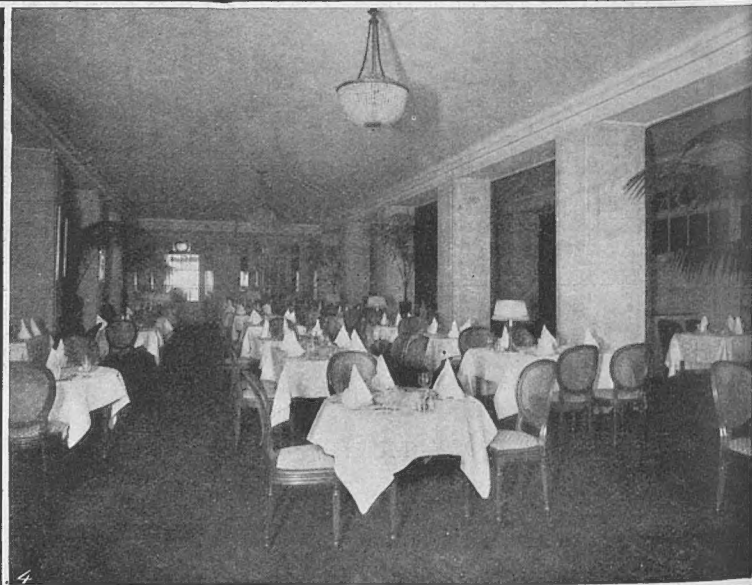
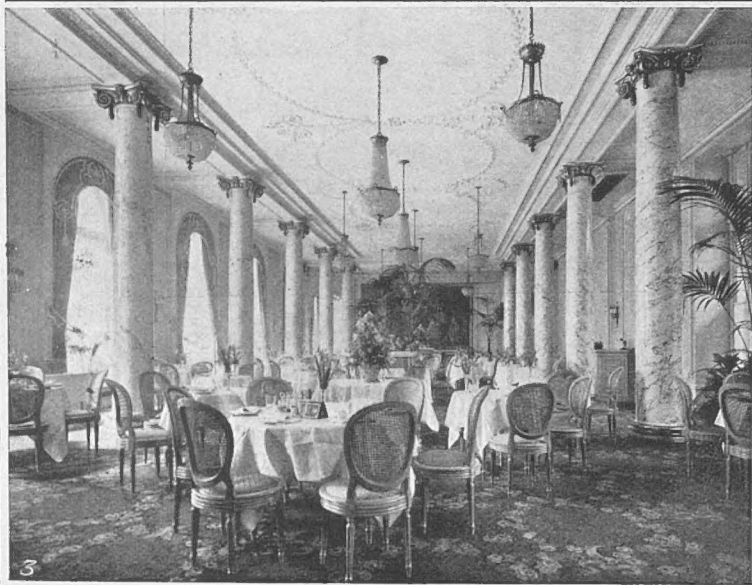
UNLIKE many of the palatial hotels, the charges of the Waldorf are very reasonable, for a bed-room may be obtained for as little as four-and-sixpence. For bed-rooms with bath-room and lavatory attached, and for exceedingly comfortable suites of rooms—sitting, bed, and bath rooms—the charges are equally moderate. Reasonableness also characterises the charges in the restaurant, and special features are made of afternoon tea in the Palm Court, at a shilling a head, and a theatre supper at four shillings, at both of which light music is provided by Bucalossi's band.

All the public rooms are decorated by Waring's in one colour-scheme—cream and green—thus ensuring a



delightful harmony, which is so gratifying to the aesthetically refined. In the Palm Court the beauty of the cream and green is heightened by the white marble floor reflecting the light from the glass roof. Round the court is a marble terrace, on which open the grand restaurant and dining-room, the banqueting and ball room, and the smoking-room. The smoking-room is no less luxurious. The banqueting and ball room is exceedingly graceful in its proportions, while the floor is said to be the finest in England.

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Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

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TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

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Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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February 26, 1908.

Signature

SMALL TALK



ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
GIRLS IN SOCIETY:

MISS MARGARET GROSVENOR.

Miss Grosvenor is a niece of the present Lord Ebury, is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Norman Grosvenor, and has inherited her father's remarkable musical gifts. She has of late been a bridesmaid at several notable weddings.

take their last meal only three hours before midnight. This being so, a great deal more can be

PERHAPS because so many people now make a point of taking very good care of their health, afternoon parties and functions of all kinds have come back into high favour; even the despised *matinée* is now discovered to have a special charm of its own, and the most brilliant theatrical function which Society has lately honoured in full force was that charity *matinée* at the Lyric which saw Miss Muriel Wilson's first appearance on the London stage. Musical parties, beginning at four and ending at six, are also a fad of the moment, and it is possible that that favourite French form of diversion, afternoon dances, may be one of the novelties of the coming season. The dinner hour tends to become later and later—indeed, the fashionable hour is coming perilously near nine o'clock, perhaps in honour of those royal personages who

Behind the Papal Throne. The illness of the Marquess of Ripon has been a source of special anxiety to the Roman Catholics of England.

Mark's Man. From his latest pecuniary loss, it is to be inferred that Mark Twain has lost the services of the judicious financier who was for long his valet. This was "George," plain George, only that and nothing more—in his way as great a character as his master. He had the money-making instinct always. He founded his fortunes, his master says, by betting on religious revivals, and progressed from that to betting on horses, and won on both. So well did he prosper that he could probably have paid his master to reverse the relations between themselves. At any rate, one night when Mark got home late and found the front door open, he was not in the least afraid as to burglars having taken anything of value from the house, there being nothing to take. Not so George. As soon as Mark mentioned his discovery to him, George dashed upstairs in a fever. Presently he returned, calm. His employer asked what had alarmed him. "Why," said George, "that house door open, and I had fifteen hundred dollars between my mattresses!"

Mistress Walter Crane. Not the least picturesque and imposing figure at the Artists'



MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER AND
PROFESSIONAL SCULPTOR:

MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY.

Mrs. Whitney is a daughter of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, but, despite her great wealth, is a professional sculptor. She won recently a prize awarded by the Architectural League of New York for a fountain surmounted by a statue of Pan.

Photograph by Gilliams Press Syndicate.



A ROYAL MUSICIAN: THE GRAND DUCHESS
OLGA ALEXANDROVNA, WHO COMPOSES
HYMN-TUNES AND PLAYS THE VIOLIN.

(See Page of Royal Musicians.)

Not only was he the most illustrious convert of his generation, he has exercised greater power than almost any other layman in his Church in this country. It was he who, with the Duke of Norfolk, caused Newman to be created a Cardinal. Manning had long enjoyed the distinction; Newman, the most brilliant Catholic of the century, had been overlooked. Lord Ripon and the Duke of Norfolk went to Manning and strongly represented to him that the honour was more than due to Newman. There was a moment of dramatic silence. Manning did not love his illustrious contemporary, he did not desire to see him a Cardinal. He bowed his head in confusion and was mute. He mastered his feelings presently, and promised to write to Rome. He did write to Rome, mentioning by whom he was prompted, and Newman was made a Cardinal. But for these two noblemen he never would have been.



MISTRESS WALTER CRANE,

In the dress she wore at the recent Artists' Costume Ball at the Grafton Galleries.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.



A ROYAL MUSICIAN: PRINCE HENRY XXIV.
OF REUSS, WHO WRITES MUCH MUSIC FOR
MILITARY BANDS.

(See Page of Royal Musicians.)

Costume Ball, held recently at the Grafton Galleries, was that of the clever lady who bears the name of the distinguished artist to whom all children owe so great a debt of gratitude. It is because she is a lover of old customs that Mrs. Crane prefers to be known always as Mistress Walter Crane, and in the delightful autobiography lately published by her husband is a very pretty account of their courtship and marriage. Mistress Crane delights in all the household arts; her embroideries soon became famous among the members of the pre-Raphaelite school, one of her most successful pieces of work of the kind having been a transcript by her of Mr. Crane's "The Days of the Week." Needless to say, this talented lady shares Ruskin's view that everything in a house should be either beautiful or useful—if possible, both—and in her own home she has been exceptionally fortunate in being able to carry out this high ideal.



THE CLUBMAN

TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS—BALKAN RAILWAYS—SICILIAN MARIONETTES—SICILIAN OPERA.

THE fact that there is trouble in the Balkans once again grieves me. Not that I think that there is any likelihood of bloodshed on a large scale, or that Macedonia will be more disturbed than it is at present, but this quarrel over the railways has forced all of us to go to our maps again to learn new names and painfully to trace the course of the line that Austria has permission to make and the line Russia intends to construct as a reply. I do not suppose that one out of every hundred well-informed people had any idea until a map was consulted of the whereabouts of Mitrovitza, the town at which the Austrian and Turkish lines are eventually to meet. I had not, though I thought that I had studied all the Balkan questions on the spot.

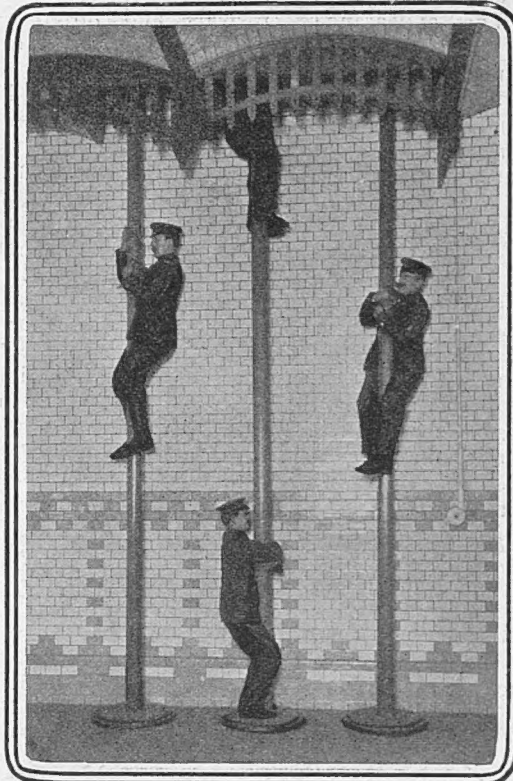
The railway concerning which I heard most talk when I went through the Balkan States was one that Turkey was making to the borders of Bulgaria. The Bulgarians, naturally enough, being a warlike race, and having considerable experience of Turkish methods, firmly believed that directly that railway was finished, a big Turkish army would enter Bulgaria by two routes, and that the Sultan would make an attempt to regain his lost province. Bulgaria spends a very large proportion of her revenue on her army, and the Bulgarians, wishing to test the efficiency of their arms and men, thought that their Prince should go to war with Turkey before Turkey was ready to go to war with Bulgaria. The Prince, who is a consummate diplomatist, prefers to deal with Turkey by peaceful means, and keeps his subjects quiet by holding big manoeuvres on the Turkish borders. "When the new guns are all delivered something will happen," say the Bulgarian Colonels; but I doubt whether all those new guns will ever be delivered.

I wonder whether the success of the Sicilian actors will bring other of the "theatres" of the island to London. The marionette theatres of Palermo are extraordinarily amusing, though unintentionally so. The stage is set up in some shed, or a low-ceilinged room in one of the alleys, and the audience sit so close together that no man has room to blow his nose or to pick his neighbour's pocket. The memory of the atmosphere of those auditoriums—scent of garlic and snuff and rancid oil—comes back to me even more clearly than the recollection of the tragedies I saw performed. The Sicilians have a great affection for the tales of the doughty deeds performed by the Christian warriors at the time when the Moors held the island, and terrific combats between the knights of the Cross and the paynim are the great

attractions of most of the doll theatres. There was a Sicilian Joan of Arc, who always came to the front in the fiercest battles on the stage, and each time I wondered why I seemed to have seen her before. At last her skirts explained the matter. She always wore the Rob Roy tartan, and she carried my thoughts back to the many Helen McGregors I had seen when the dramatic companies of Highland regiments performed their favourite play, "Rob Roy."

The drama of the adventures of the gallant Highland outlaw has a great attraction for ambitious amateur actors, especially military ones. I have seen it played in all climes. Once, in Calcutta—at the Star Theatre, if I remember aright—I saw it presented by Hindu amateurs. Of course, all the dialogue was in the language of the country, but the wardrobe mistress of the theatre had been equal to the occasion, and all the actors had the kilt and a bit of goatskin which did duty for a sporran. A broad band of ribbon represented the plaids, and white cotton socks had to serve as stockings. The thin brown legs of the actors looked very ridiculous in this garb. A military performance of "Rob Roy" which I did not see, but would like to have seen, was one given by a Highland regiment up country in Natal just before the Boer War. The theatre was a very shaky old shed, and a high wind was blowing. "Ye have not yet subdued Rob Roy!" thundered the hero, and at that moment the roof over the stage gave way, and the outlaw and the Sassenach soldiers all with one accord lay flat on the boards, thinking that to be the safest position.

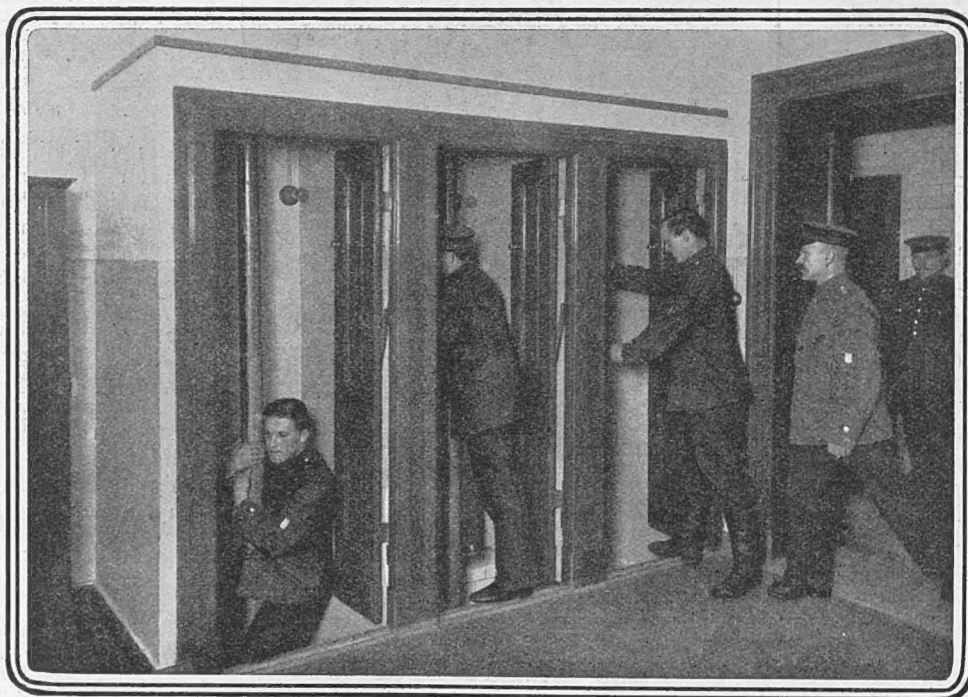
When I was in Palermo, Novelli, the comedian, and one of the sons of the great Salvini were starring at the two theatres which were open. The big opera-house was closed, but at a smaller house comic opera was being sung in a very "go-as-you-please" manner. There was no rail between the orchestra and the stalls, and the musicians, during the entr'actes, strolled up the aisles in the auditorium and chatted to their friends in the stalls. A tenor was on trial, and at the commencement of the third act was allowed to come on to the stage and sing any air he liked. The audience greeted his effort with a very fine imitation of a row in a menagerie. Then the opera proceeded. The luckless tenor, whenever the business of the stage gave him a rest, appealed to the audience in dumb-show, clapping his hands and then hiding his face, expressing sorrow and surprise that he should have been treated so ill by people whom he had hoped to find friends.



NEARING THE ENDS OF THE COLUMNS.

SLIDING TO DUTY: THE FIREMAN'S SUBSTITUTE FOR STAIRS.

Photographs by Albert Hoffmann.



FIREMEN ENTERING THE SHAFTS TO SLIDE DOWN THE COLUMNS.

The delay caused by the firemen having to run downstairs in answer to a call was considerable at times, and matters have been much improved by the provision of columns that run from the top to the bottom of the fire-station, through the floors. The men slide down these in the manner shown. Our photographs were taken in Berlin, but the system they illustrate is, of course, in vogue in this country, and has been for some while.

"PELISSIER'S POTTED PLAYS" FOR PALE PEOPLE
AND OTHERS, AT THE APOLLO.

~ GUARANTEED PURE. ~



IF YOU LIKE THE COMEDY ~
~ ~ TRY THE TRAGEDY.



CENSOR'S CERTIFICATE WITH EVERY JAR.

1. MR. PELISSIER AS GLORY QUAYLE IN THE PARODY OF "THE CHRISTIAN." 2. MR. LEWIS SYDNEY AS JOHN STORM, AND MR. PELISSIER AS GLORY QUAYLE IN THE POTTED VERSION OF "THE CHRISTIAN." 3. MR. PELISSIER AS MAY DE COTTE IN "EVERYBODY'S BENEFIT."
4. MR. PELISSIER AS GLORY QUAYLE IN THE CONDENSED "CHRISTIAN." 5. MR. PELISSIER AND MISS DOLLIS BROOKE IN A PARODY OF THE FAMOUS AND STRENUOUS "MERRY WIDOW" WALTZ.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



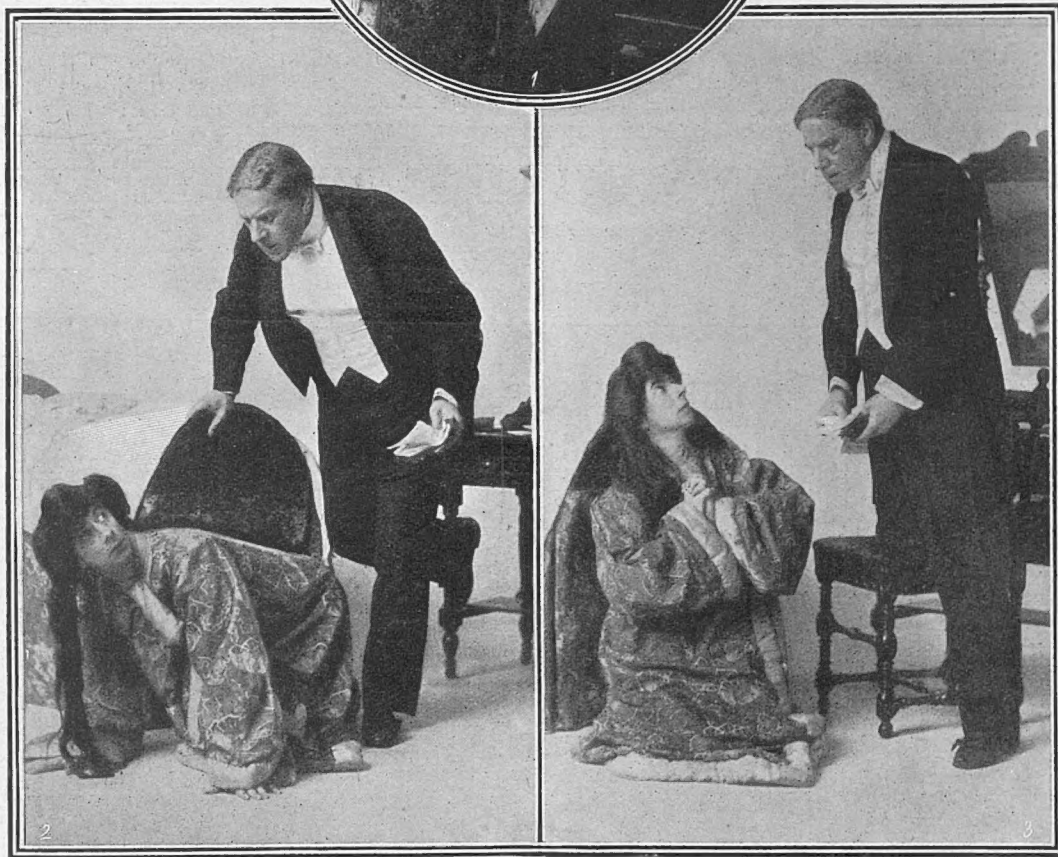
THE SICILIANS—THE FOLLIES—"MATT, OF MERRYMOUNT."

THE Sicilian Players seem to have become the rage, and at a time when Theatre-land moans about depression people are flocking to see a troupe of foreign country performers acting cheaply mounted rustic drama in an unknown tongue. There is no evidence that their triumph is a mere matter of vulgar craze. All classes of playgoers are present, and on my last visit there was an almost crowded house, composed mainly of ordinary people, watching open-mouthed the extraordinary work of these quaint artists, who shock us by bowing in the middle of a scene in response to our applause, and have many pieces of business, such as the frequent kissing of man by man, that cause the reticent Briton to shudder. One touch of genius makes the whole world kin is almost true, and we flock to the house to see Signora Ferrau and Signor Grasso because we feel that they have genius, though our critical instincts are alarmed, and we long to know enough to form safer opinions as to the truth of their work. Unfortunately, the well-known "star" plays are out of their range, and we have no chance, apparently, of seeing the amazing lady as Magda, or Césarine, Marguerite Gauthier, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Phèdre, Francesca, or, indeed, in any other of the big parts in dramas which most of us know almost by heart. So much the better, perhaps, for, in consequence of this, our enthusiasm remains undulled, and we can think of the little, volcanic woman, and the graceful, ugly actor with the bell-mouthed trousers and general air of a Paris Apache and an East-End coster, with undiluted pleasure as artists of amazing power who are aided by an admirable company. For it is by no means a "star" troupe; this was plainly shown by "Russida," when the company gave a superb performance of a little village tragic-comedy unassisted by Signora Ferrau, and only aided by Signor Grasso during the last scene.

"The Merry Widow," and "The Girls of Gottenberg." For the methods of musical comedy "The Follies" have no mercy, and one of the best things of the evening is a duet by two of the ladies on the subject of the "flapper" who reigns on the stage and in the photographer's window. The second half of the programme is on the same lines as the music-hall skit, which was such a brilliant success last time. The scene is now the stage of a theatre in the course of a charity matinée, which gives scope for more variety, and every member of the company succeeds in distinguishing himself or herself in a manner which is the cause of the heartiest laughter. Nothing could be better than Mr. Pelissier's recital of "Butterflies" or the parodies "Wilkie Marred" and "Alf Gag-pincher." I would name more names, but the players are often very successful in concealing their identities. Altogether, the Follies' entertainment is the most consistently funny thing which is to be seen at present upon the stage.

"Matt, of Merrymount," by Messrs. (or Mesdames) Dix and Sutherland, promises to have a long run at the New Theatre, for the authors have managed to fill their play with incident, and have chosen a picturesque setting. Moreover, they have contrived a big part for Mr. Fred Terry, who made the audience enthusiastic by his acting; and, indeed, is quite at even his best as the dare-devil, self-exiled English gentleman who has to go through many adventures ere he comes into possession of a title, great wealth, and the hand of the lovely heroine. Clearly, it was intended that Miss Julia Neilson should

represent the lovely heroine, and her absence is missed; but the house was pleased by the acting of Miss Alice Crawford, though it was rather extravagant at times. Miss Miriam Lewes made a hit by a vigorous, able piece of acting as a wild young woman supposed to be a witch. Perhaps no one else was remarkable, but a quite sound general performance was given of a play which, compared with the anæmic melodramas of this year, is quite brilliant. It may be wise to eliminate some of the rather intermittent efforts to give an old English turn to the dialogue, which, however, did little to weaken the joy of the audience in the crowded incidents of the story of love and hate and daring adventure. The setting is picturesque, and the contrast between the Puritans and the more worldly Americans of 1635 is well contrived to entertain our playgoers.



1. HE HAS SUSPICIONS. 2. "WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THIS MONEY?" 3. "CURSE YOU! CURSE YOU!"

"THE THIEF" PARODIED: MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR AS MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER, AND MR. WILL SPRAY AS MISS IRENE VANBRUGH IN "THE NONSENSOR," AT THE EMPIRE.

Photographs by Ellis and Watery.

"The Follies" have begun a new season at the Apollo Theatre with a programme which is rather better than anything they have yet done. Their high spirits and cleverness seem never to fail them, and Mr. Pelissier and Mr. Lewis Sydney show comic ability of a very high order. The chief features of the new entertainment are a series of "potted plays," which deal in a spirit of brutal criticism with "The Christian," "A White Man,"

THE ROYAL COMPOSER OF THE "INFLUENZA MARCH"; AND OTHER ROYAL AND PRINCELY MUSICIANS.



1. KING PETER OF SERBIA, COMPOSER OF THE "SERVIAN NATIONAL BATTLE SONG," WHO ONCE GAVE PIANO LESSONS.
2. THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA, COMPOSER OF THE "INFLUENZA MARCH," AND OTHER WORKS.
3. THE GRAND DUKE OF LUXEMBOURG, COMPOSER OF "FLOATING BY NIGHT DOWN THE MOSELLE."
4. THE ARCHDUKE FRIEDRICH OF AUSTRIA, WHO PLAYS FIVE INSTRUMENTS, AND COMPOSES LOVE SONGS.
5. PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG, WHO HAS WRITTEN MANY SONGS AND PIECES FOR THE PIANO.
6. PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE, WHO PLAYS THE FLUTE, AND HAS COMPOSED A SYMPHONY FOR PIPES.
7. PRINCE FRIEDRICH HEINRICH OF PRUSSIA, WHO IS THE AUTHOR OF MANY COMPOSITIONS.
8. PRINCE FRIEDRICH WILHELM OF PRUSSIA, WHO COMPOSES, SINGS, AND PLAYS THE VIOLIN AND 'CELLO.
9. PRINCE JOACHIM ALBERT OF PRUSSIA, COMPOSER OF WALTZES AND COMIC SONGS.

FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"VOUS N'AVEZ RIEN
A DÉCLARER?"

By MM. Hennequin and
P. Veber.

Théâtre des Nouveautés.

When the Vicomte de Trivelin married Mlle. Paulette Dupont, M. Couzan was very unhappy. Couzan is one of those unlucky people who are always a little too late. He is rich, and a bachelor. He has loved Paulette Dupont ever since she wore her hair in pigtails and gave him raspberry-jam kisses; but he omitted to tell her of his wish to make her Mme. Couzan until a quarter of an hour after she had consented to become the Vicomtesse de Trivelin. Couzan is a Parisian, and knows that marriage in this twentieth century of ours is one of those contracts in which a flaw can frequently be found.

Determined not to be too late a second time, he proposes for Paulette's hand, and is accepted by her parents in case there should be at any time a divorce which should set the young lady free. And this is where I have to hand a pink-silk mask to the dear Censor. He had better have it lined with asbestos, too, for the story is very improper. We have learned the foregoing when Paulette and her newly made husband come back from their honeymoon. "Well, dear? Eh, what? Hm?" Mme. Dupont asks her daughter.

"I don't think I know what you mean, mother." Nothing at all, thank you," says Paulette quite limpidly; and, with a frown on the maternal moustache, Mme. Dupont turns to her son-in-law and wants to know. "It's perfectly ridiculous," explains de Trivelin. "I am really the best husband in the world." "Tush!" says his mother-in-law explicitly, and at some length—"husband indeed!" "But I am a nervous man. Paulette and I were on our way to Brussels, as you know. We were in the railway-carriage, and were getting very comfortable. I had my arm round Paulette's waist, and she had told me three times that she was sure to scream if my moustache tickled her ear like that again, and I was trying to pull the carriage-blinds down without moving, which was rather difficult, when a great big, ugly custom-house officer put his face in at the window, and, telling us that we were at the frontier, asked whether I had anything to declare. I had been on the point of declaring several things; but my declaration was intended for my little cabbage of a wife, not for the customs, and the sudden appearance of that bearded brute cut off the current, as it were. And I was silent."

Mme. Dupont was horrified. "Silent! silent!" she said. "What's the good of a deaf and dumb husband to a girl like Paulette?"

Paulette was quite happy at home, but she married to please us, because we want a grandson. So there! If you don't find your tongue in the course of a week or two, Paulette shall

divorce you. The law allows it, and your mother-in-law will see that she does it."

Couzan, during de Trivelin's recital, had been standing with his finger laid alongside of his nose. He was thinking deeply. "Aha!" he said. And presently, "as one man to another," he was—fat traitor that he was—extracting the tale of Trivelin's tribulations from him. "It is awkward," said Trivelin—"beastly awkward! Directly I become affectionate and make love to Paulette, I see the vision of that Belgian custom-house buccaneer, and—and it cuts off my inspiration." "Aha!" says Couzan once again, and then perfidiously suggests that a very clever little girl of his acquaintance, a painter of diversified talents, whose name is Zézette, has a wonderful knack of teaching a man to overcome his timidity.

Now, you know that in Paris no farce is considered complete without a bed-room in the second act. You can imagine our astonishment, then, when in Act II. the curtain rose upon a studio without even a sofa in it. Mlle. Zézette had discovered a new game. The only canvas on which she could paint anything at all worth looking at was her own dear little physog. But she engaged an elderly artist by the week to paint her pictures for her, and when people called he became the model. People did call; all the men in the play called; and it was wonderful to see Zézette collecting plump cheques for bad pictures by means of a kiss and a promise. Then de Trivelin calls, explains his business, and Zézette—who is exceedingly amused at it (so, by the way, were we)—undertakes his cure. I will not tell you how she does it. I will not explain how and why

de Trivelin gets into yellow-silk pyjamas. But truth compels me to state that when M. and Mme. Dupont and the perfidious Couzan called, these yellow-silk pyjamas were not easy to explain, and seemed to afford a good reason for de Trivelin's divorce. But in the third act Paulette thought that a divorce from two yards of good-looking husband, for re-marriage with a thing like Couzan, was a shame. She sat on de Trivelin's knee and told him so so prettily that Couzan went out and bought a uniform and a false beard, and played at being a portly spectre, an inspector's spectre, as it were.

Ah ouiche! Trivelin had learned the pretty little lesson which Zézette had taught him, and he didn't care now for a dozen Belgian customs officials. There was very little doubt when the curtain fell on the last act (which, as we say in journalese, can better be imagined than described) that Mme. Dupont would get her wish and that a little Vicomte or Vicomtesse de Trivelin would soon be saying "Ah! goo! Ah!" which everybody knows means grandmamma in French. Bless its dear little heart!

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



"SHERLOCK HOLMES" ON THE FRENCH STAGE:
MLLE. YVONNE DE BRAY AS ALICE BRENT AT
THE THÉÂTRE ANTOINE.

It will be remembered that, in the play, Sherlock Holmes marries Alice Brent. Sir Conan Doyle's work has been adapted by Pierre Decourcelle.

Photograph by Reutlinger.



WILL PARIS FAVOUR IT? THE NEW "DANCE OF THE VEILS."

It is believed that the new "Dance of the Veils," which is already popular in Germany, will gain favour in many other countries, and France is already showing her interest in it by writing of it and illustrating it. Those taking part in it can wear ordinary dress or fancy dress.

Photograph by Trampus.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



LIVE FROGS AS ORNAMENTS ON A VASE.

Artificial as they look in our photograph, the frogs on the vase are alive. They are green tree-frogs, and hundreds of their kind are sent to England each year to be kept as pets. They have sucker feet, and can climb up a wall as easily as can a fly.



A STATUE THAT WEARS A BIB.

It is the custom each day to tie a clean square of linen round the neck of the "Stone Hat Image" at Nikko as a mark of respect, and in this square of linen the irreverent foreigner finds much resemblance to a baby's bib.



NOT A BATTLEFIELD—MERELY A MOUND OF LOBSTER-SHELLS.

A glance at our illustration will show immediately the reason for our suggestion that the mound of lobster-shells resembles—in the photograph at all events—a pile of human remains on a field of battle. The shells form a refuse-heap at a lobster-tinning factory on Anticosti Island.



ONE OF OUR COLONIAL PEERESSES:
LADY PORTARLINGTON.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

of 1908 was followed by the first Court, the latter brilliant function being somewhat shadowed by the fact that the Court was still in mourning for King Carlos and his hapless heir. An important family festival was celebrated, Feb. 20th being the birthday of the Princess Royal. Her Royal Highness is benefiting considerably by her sojourn in Gibraltar, and will probably soon be returning to England.

Lady Portarlington.

Lady Portarlington, who is one of the patronesses of the ball which will be held on March 2 at the Ritz, and of which the proceeds will go to the Children's League for South London, is one of our few Colonial Peeresses. Before her marriage, four years ago, she was Miss Winifreda Yuill, and her father, an Australian

millionaire, is now the fortunate owner of the delightful house in Chesham Place once occupied by Lord John Russell. Lady Portarlington shares her husband's love of Ireland and of sport; she has made herself very popular in the neighbourhood of the quaintly named Emo Park, a splendid country house not far from Dublin, where are to be seen some of the finest paintings in Ireland.

A Coming Marriage.

A coming marriage of interest to the political world is that of the Hon. Lettice Legh and Mr. John Warburton, of the Scots Guards. Miss Legh is the eldest daughter of Lord Newton, the peer who has been so prominent in the agitation concerning a reformed House of Lords, and through her mother, Lady Newton, she is a niece of Mr. Bromley Davenport, whose disappearance from St. Stephen's both great political parties hope may be but temporary.



THE HON. LETTICE LEGH, DAUGHTER OF LORD NEWTON, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. JOHN WARBURTON.

Photograph by Gabell.



INDIAN GIRL GRADUATES WHO ARE COMING TO ENGLAND: THE MISSES BORAJEE.

The Misses Borajee have been chosen by the Indian Government to come to England for a two years' course of training. Each will have her passage paid, and will receive an allowance of £150 a year.

Mr. John Warburton is through his mother a nephew of Lord de Saumarez.

A Notable Engagement.

Perhaps the most interesting engagement announced since the New Year

is that of Mr. Henry Brougham, the son and heir of Lord Brougham, to Miss Diana

Sturt, the eldest of the lovely daughters of Lord and Lady Alington. Mr. Brougham is, of course, a great-nephew of the famous law lord who played so prominent a part in both Georgian and Victorian politics, and was in some ways the most discussed of nineteenth-century Lord Chancellors. Mr. Brougham, who is not quite of age, is in the Coldstream Guards; in spite of his youth, he has a strong personality, and he is equally popular at Cannes, where his parents have a famous villa, and at old-world Brougham Castle, the northern stronghold to which the King paid a flying visit last year. His fiancée, who is, like himself, very young—in fact, only just "out"—is a favourite of the King and Queen, who have known her from her birth. She has one sister, Miss Lois,

who was born eight years ago, and two

brothers, Gerard and Napier.

To-Day's Smart Wedding.

Should the clerk of the weather prove kind, the wedding of Mr. Hugh Wyndham and Miss Maud Lyttelton will be a very pretty function and bring together many politicians and notable Society folk to St. Margaret's, Westminster, for both bridegroom and bride are dowered with a large circle of friends and relations. Lord Leconfield's younger brothers are setting him a good example: last year Mr. Edward Wyndham, of the 1st Life Guards, married Miss Gladys Farquhar; and now his second brother, and perhaps the handsomest of the five good-looking men of the family, is entering the holy estate. Miss Maud Lyttelton is the eldest of Lord and Lady Cobham's three daughters, and on each side of the house she has a heritage of both brains and beauty.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. DIANA STURT: THE HON. HENRY BROUGHAM.

Photograph by Langley.



THE HON. MAUD LYTTTELTON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO THE HON. HUGH WYNDHAM TAKES PLACE TO-DAY (26th).

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

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The Wiles of Wily Willy.



IV.—DISGUISED AS A SUNFLOWER, WILLY STUDIES THE WAYS OF THE TUSSOCK-MOTH.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MISS BERYL MERCER, who has made so great a success as the unnamed old woman in the last act of "Diana of Dobson's," at the Kingsway, is another example of the advantage of being born in the profession, for her father and mother were actors before her, and for many years toured their own company in the provinces. With them Miss Mercer earned her first salary on any stage—a threepenny-bit and a piece of cake—for playing Willie Carlyle in "East Lynne." It was on a fifth of November, and the regular representative of the part, having

acquired a certain quantity of gunpowder, proceeded to blow himself up with it, though not with malice aforethought. Miss Mercer was duly impressed into the service, and told what to say as the lines occurred, for she did not know anything about the part. Having died comfortably, she proceeded to demand a piece of cake, that, probably, being her juvenile idea of the fate of all good little boys who die and go to heaven.



A DAINTY PRINCIPAL GIRL: MISS FLORENCE WATSON.

Miss Watson was recently on tour with "The White Chrysanthemum," playing the lead. Last year she was principal girl at the Grand, Islington; this year she was engaged for the same rôle at the Theatre Metropole, Devonport. On each of her public appearances she has met with considerable success, and she can look forward to a bright future.

Photograph by Guy and Co.

him all through the American engagements. On one occasion, when playing one-night stands in the South, they arrived in a delightful place called Waco, Texas. Just as the curtain was about to rise, the electric-light fuse burnt out, and, there being no gas, the theatre was plunged into darkness. The people, not knowing the cause, expected the light would go up the next minute and sat perfectly still, and there was no semblance of confusion or of panic. Mr. Hawthrey resolved to keep the audience interested while the engineers were sent for to repair the damage, and he announced that the company would give a variety entertainment until they could begin the play. Candles were hastily procured and stuck into bottles. Miss Harrison, who is proud of her Scotch birth, did the Highland reel, which brought down the house, and with three other members of the company sang glees, which were no less favourably received, while Mr. Hawthrey acted as chairman or master of the ceremonies.

In the days of long ago, when Mr. Johnny Danvers may have dreamed of acting in a Drury Lane pantomime, with no apparent possibility of doing so, he used to play in sketches with the late

Dan Leno and Mr. and Mrs. Leno. They once formed the whole company at Hetton-le-Hole, where they sang songs, danced dances, and played sketches for an inclusive salary of £4 10s. One miraculous day they obtained an engagement at the Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool. They accordingly packed their belongings into a very battered basket, the bottom of which was formed of an old tin tray, and set out by train for their destination. They had been in the habit of always transporting their luggage themselves, hiring a barrow, which the two boys took turns in pushing. In honour of such a swell engagement as Liverpool, however, the elder Leno decided to do the thing in style. He gave his son a shilling to pay for an outside porter to take their impedimenta to the theatre. Accordingly, when they got to Liverpool, the boys hired a man with a truck, and told him to go to the Adelphi. They decided between themselves that it would take him at least an hour and a half to get there, so they went off for a stroll to see something of the city. As they walked they got hungry, and Leno, turning to his companion, said: "Do you think it would matter, Johnny, if we gave him tenpence instead of a shilling?" Mr. Danvers thought it would not, so they feasted on cakes to the extent of a penny each. Then they went to the theatre. The man had not arrived. Fearful as to what had become of him, and wondering whether he had decamped with their belongings, they went back to the station, but he was nowhere to be found. Once more they went back to the theatre, but the man was not there, and they resolved to go to the lodgings to acquaint Mr. Leno senior with the fact, expecting to "catch it" for not accompanying the porter. On their way they passed the Adelphi Hotel, in front of the main entrance of which the porter sat with his ragged load, calmly ignoring the repeated requests of the man in livery to move. He said he had been told to deliver the things there, and insisted on doing so. When they saw the porter with their "props" safe, the two boys nearly fell on one another's necks. They explained his error to him, and together they started for the music-hall. Then the man carried the basket to their dressing-room up three or four flights of stairs, and was rewarded by a sixpenny-piece and four coppers for some three hours' time. What he said may not be here set down. Mr. Danvers declares, however, that in all his experience he never heard anything like it, for that porter was the most consummate artist in words he ever encountered.

A PIANIST WITH ARTIFICIAL FEET: MISS DOT STEVENS.

Miss Stevens, it may be remembered, had her feet cut off by a train. She now has artificial feet, which are so excellent that the pedals of a piano present no difficulties to her, and she can walk as well as anyone. She is now on the Moss and Stoll tour, doing a turn that is of the same style as Miss Margaret Cooper's, and is meeting with much success.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



A FAMILY OF HIGH DEGREE: THE GIANTS IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT DRURY LANE. The family of giants are one of the greatest attractions of Old Drury's pantomime. They are played by the Pender Troupe.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

error to him, and together they started for the music-hall. Then the man carried the basket to their dressing-room up three or four flights of stairs, and was rewarded by a sixpenny-piece and four coppers for some three hours' time. What he said may not be here set down. Mr. Danvers declares, however, that in all his experience he never heard anything like it, for that porter was the most consummate artist in words he ever encountered.

COOKED INFORMATION.



THE LADY IN THE TAMMY: Have you seen my new book yet?

THE LADY IN THE CAP: Well, no; I haven't read it myself, but my cook tells me it's rippin'.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE judgment of Paris on English authors is difficult enough to arrive at. This or that great lady may have this or that great favourite, but she would be surprised, and perhaps annoyed, if her neighbour shared her enthusiasm. Sarah Bernhardt reads Wells; but for whom in France does Meredith write, or Mallock, or Mrs. Humphry Ward? Not for Sarah! And Ruskin, despite the gallant efforts of this connoisseur and that translator, has no vogue. All the same, certain English authors may be said to have received in France a national, and even official, recognition. Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and Kipling's "First Jungle Book" are now set down on the Requisition List of the books supplied at the State's expense to its schools.

That the "Jungle Book" makes a strong appeal to the French juvenile is the more difficult of comprehension when one remembers that animals have not half the standing in France that they have in England. The Parisian Press has ridiculed a bequest made by an Englishwoman towards funds for instituting a society corresponding to our N.S.P.C.A. It had been better, quoth they, if the good lady had left her money to those who have the wit to thank her for it; they refused to do it on behalf of the stray cats of Paris. And Paris certainly is not dotted over with such initials as O.D.F.L., which arrested me the other day in Victoria Street, and which a policeman taught me to decipher. All this makes it strange that the Parisian has patience with "The Jungle Book," which is, after all, but a tract to stimulate our interest in and devotion to the animal world. The Parisian horse testifies to the little use a Frenchman has for sentiment concerning things four-footed; his dog, and his wife's dog, he will take care of, and wrap in wool, and talk about, but his interest ends there. Good luck to Mr. Kipling as a missionary from our admirable society.

Another surprise is a reputed vogue of Carlyle. The bear of Chelsea is as popular as any member of the Kipling "Zoo." Not for his history of the Revolution, which might, one supposes, have some interest for present-day *citoyens* of Paris, but for the yapping, jolting English of "Sartor Resartus" does the foreign student clap his hands. I must confess I have my doubts in the matter of this popular appreciation of this particular master. We have been content to take in good faith our cousins' rapture for Shakespeare—"le bon vieux Williams," as Gautier apostrophised him—even if it was made rather difficult to do so when Lord Byron was so persistently hoisted up on to an equal pedestal; but in this matter of Carlyle it is still less easy to be entirely credulous.

The *Daily Telegraph* has splendid praises for a French author and Academician, M. René Bazin, and for the English translation of his "L'Isolée," published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash under the name of "The Nun." But the Fleet Street critic, so alert as a reader, was in another sense caught napping. He speaks of "The Nun" as the first of René Bazin's books to be translated. Let not London appear to have been so backward as that. Certainly two of the master's books have been rendered

the homage of being "done" into English. But "The Nun" seems particularly suited to her English garb. She has made a hit. Expelled from her convent, she has taken possession of a large literary territory, and has exchanged her enclosure for Bumpus's window and the railway bookstall.

It was easy enough to call Knowles "the literary Barnum," as did Edmund Yates in his least amiable moods. No doubt the *Nineteenth Century* lived to a great extent on names. It took the word of a leader, whoever the leader might be. It made no discoveries, therefore, and had none of the glory of producing new young men. But in an age when a good many geese label themselves swans, a certain discrimination is implied in the choice of the rarer bird. And Knowles knew him at a glance, and had a gun to bring him down. Nobody else put Tennyson so tight into harness, or had Gladstone so completely at heel. How did he do it? By alertness, by an apt compliment, by a judicious quotation of what some high personage had said, and by no niggard cheque.

However vapid were some of the articles the signature system produced, it had a long run, and began to pall only about the time that the editor himself seemed to suffer from broken

health. Perhaps there was no connection between the failure of vitality in the man and the review—by a slip of the pen, I was nearly writing "magazine," a word which Knowles himself hated and more than once pulled me up for using in friendly converse. It was to him as offensive as the Duke of Wellington's "pamphlet" was to Lord Brougham when used of the *Edinburgh Review*. In the ordinary course of things a periodical loses its vogue even if it maintains its vitality. People weary of a plan. The *Nineteenth* is a sort of national institution, but the days when people awaited each number with almost a thrill of expectation are over and gone. The young lady who said to her neighbour at dinner, "May we still believe in the immortality of the soul—I have not seen the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*?" no longer needs to put the question. She has ceased to be. And she has not left any successors.

M. E.



THE UNINVITED GUEST (as he samples the contents of the motorist's hamper): 'Ere's lookin' to'rds yer, guy'nor, an' sudden death to our common enemy, the cop.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDLY.

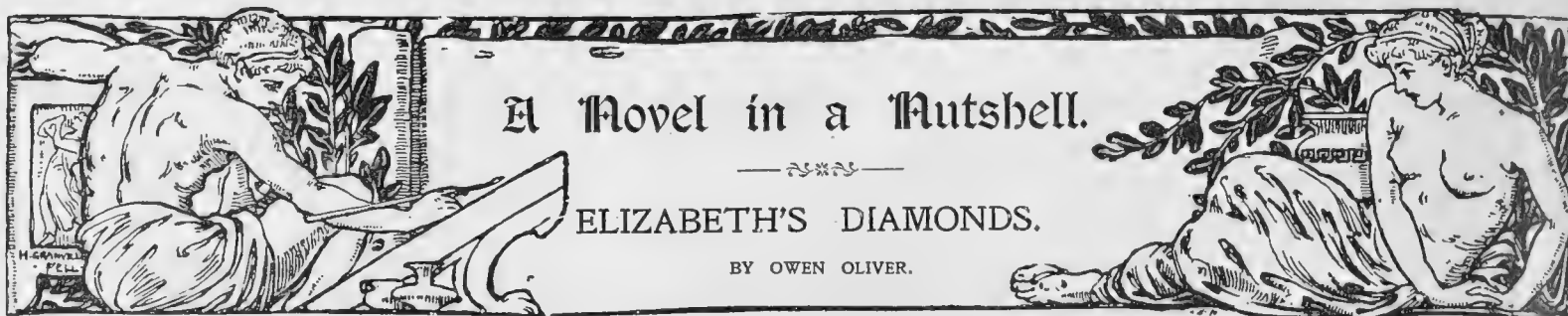
LATER, HE WISHED THAT IT WERE BURNT!



THE OFFERING.

(AND NOW THEY SAY THAT THEY ARE ENGAGED.)

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



WHEN I was introduced to Elizabeth, I didn't know who she was; and we talked for two hours—at least, she did!—and decided to be friends. When I found out that she was the daughter of old Smith, the diamond millionaire, I didn't think that it mattered. Afterwards, I found that it did. So I settled to go away before I made a fool of myself. She wasn't the sort of girl to give herself away, and I wasn't the sort of fellow to ask her to. I thought I might as well have a good time till I went. So I met her as often as I could. I didn't tell her that I was going till the last night, for fear she might ask questions. Then I mentioned it casually when we were sitting out a dance. She was wearing some pink roses that I had sent her, and she looked—how I thought I should remember. I thought I should remember the valse that the band was playing too.

"By the way, Miss Elizabeth," I said, "I'm going abroad to-morrow."

She raised her eyebrows ever so little.

"By the way," she mocked, "when are you coming back?"

"I'm not coming back," I told her.

"Why?" she asked. She spoke as if she only inquired because she was obliged to. I felt a bit sore.

"I gather that my doings don't interest you," I said shortly.

She brushed her hair back with one hand, and gave me one of her sharp looks. She and her father always made me feel as if they could see through a brick wall.

"And I gather that mine interest *you*," she retorted. She shut her mouth with a snap—just like old Smith does—and fixed me with her eyes; and I knew that we'd got to have it out. So I didn't beat about the bush.

"Yes," I owned; "that's it."

She looked across the conservatory and moved her lips in and out—it's another trick of her father's. Then she turned to me and flushed a little. I'd never seen her do that before.

"You needn't go," she told me.

I caught my breath, and felt as if the world were turning too fast for me.

"You don't mean that you—that you care for—for a fellow like me, Elizabeth?" I said.

She made a funny little sound in her throat.

"I mean that," she declared. "I don't suppose I would if I could help it, but I can't—" She touched my arm quickly. "I can't!"

"When I go," I said—"and it isn't because I don't care a lot, dear girl, but because I do—you'll be able to help it."

"You're not going," she said in her positive way—like old man Smith. "I want you!"

"Don't tempt a fellow beyond endurance," I begged. "I—I oughtn't to have told you, but—I'm not clever like you are, dear girl; and I thought you didn't care, and—it's good-bye, and—and God bless you, Elizabeth."

I rose; but she rose too, and put her arm through mine, and I lost my senses for a few moments. Then I held her at arm's length.

"You're not so sensible as I thought, Elizabeth," I said.

"I'm sensible enough to know what I want," she assured me.

"I generally get it. You ask father if I don't."

I groaned at the mention of her father.

"There'll be an awful row if I ask him," I said.

"There'll be a worse row if you don't," she declared, with a toss of her head.

So I told him, and there *was* a row. He called me everything under the sun, and refused his consent flatly and finally. When I told Elizabeth she marched me back to him, and informed him that we could do without his consent; and he informed her that, in that case, we could do without his money, for he wouldn't give her a penny. He repeated the statement several times in a very forcible manner.

"I've said it," he concluded, banging his fist on the table, "and you've never known me break my word, Elizabeth."

"And I've said that I will marry him," Elizabeth replied, "and you've never known me break mine."

They stared at each other for a full minute. The curious thing was that they looked just alike, though one was a plain old man, and the other a good-looking young girl.

"Well," said Elizabeth at last, "we needn't be bad friends about it. Don't give your unbreakable word to do anything else that you'll be sorry for, dad."

The old man grinned at her with a kind of grudging admiration. "No," he agreed. "No. We won't be bad friends, Elizabeth. I've given you your choice between him and my money. It's a fair offer, and neither of us can complain."

"It's a fair offer," Elizabeth agreed, "and I shan't complain."

"The money's good money," the old man remarked, "and I made it for you. The man's a fool, or a— No, I'll give him his due—he's a fool!"

"Ah!" said Elizabeth. "But I'm not, dad! I'll have the—good man! I'll have the good money too, if you don't mind. Come along, George." We went.

"Look here, dear girl," I said, when we were out of the room. "Your father's right. I mustn't let you marry me."

Elizabeth faced me squarely. Her obstinate little chin stuck out, just like her father's.

"If you don't," she said, "I will go away and never touch his money. That's my unbreakable word. And I'll—"

"Elizabeth," I interrupted, "don't give *your* unbreakable word to do anything more that you'll be sorry for. You shan't be sorrier than I can help, dear girl. We shall be poor, but—"

"Indeed we shan't!" she declared. "We're going to have that money. It's mine really, and he'd rather me have it; and I like money."

"He'll never give it to you," I warned her.

"Of course not. I shall have to get it out of him in a square business deal—a deal in diamonds."

"Diamonds!" I laughed. "You're pretty clever, Elizabeth; but you aren't clever enough to get the better of your father in that line. There isn't much that he doesn't know about diamonds."

"Exactly!" She nodded. "That's our chance. He thinks there isn't *anything* that he doesn't know about them. So, if we can find out one little thing that he doesn't we shall catch him. I've been thinking— Wasn't Professor Knowles your teacher? The man who tried to manufacture diamonds?"

"He did it," I explained; "but they were only tiny little scraps of things. They weren't worth as much as it cost to make them."

"But they would be if he could make bigger ones."

"He says it's impossible, because—I'm hanged if I remember the reason. I don't think I ever understood the business really; but he was positive about it, and he's always right."

"What a horrible man! You must introduce me to him."

"He doesn't care about women," I objected. "He'll make a fuss if I propose it."

Elizabeth laughed at me.

"Nothing to the fuss I shall make if you don't!" she said.

So I called on old Knowles the next day, and he was very pleased to see me. I don't know why he liked me, because he said I was the worst pupil he ever had; but he did. He grumbled at first, and muttered about "chattering women," and "waste of time"; but when I told him that Elizabeth was going to marry me, he said he should be interested to see her. He had a theory about the attraction of opposites. So I suppose he thought she ought to be very clever! She is, of course.

They made friends directly and talked and talked about diamonds till I was sick of it, and went out to smoke a cigarette. When I came back they had gone from the study to the laboratory, and were inspecting the diamond-making machine. Elizabeth was quite excited, and he was chuckling.

"Miss Smith has made a very curious suggestion to me, George," he said; "a *very* curious suggestion. She thinks we could increase the size of the diamonds; and upon my word, I believe we could!" He rubbed his hands furiously.

"We can flood the world with them, and ruin every diamond merchant!" she declared.

"What's the good of that?" I protested. "It won't make us any better off to ruin other people."

"True," the Professor agreed. "True! But if diamond merchants in general, and Mr. Smith in particular, wish to avoid ruin, they must make certain other people better off—you two young people in fact. *Now* do you understand?"

"Ye-es," I said; "but I don't know if it's quite—quite the straight thing, you know."

"Nonsense!" Elizabeth cried. "The Professor and I have a perfect right to make diamonds if we please. If father chooses to

(Continued overleaf.)

THIS WEATHER, TOO!



THE TWENEY: Please, Sir, Master'll be down in a minute, and 'e says as 'ow you've got to take off yer clothes, and wait in the drorin'-room.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

buy us off, it's his affair; and his money is mine by right, and I warned him. I'll speak to him about it, Professor."

She spoke to old Smith about it that evening, when I was there. He snapped his fingers at her and laughed.

"I don't care *that* for your diamonds," he told her. "Go and make them, and don't talk nonsense. If you could do it, you could make more out of them than I could pay, as you ought to know."

"I do know," she told him coolly, "and, if it rested with me, I would do it; but the Professor has scruples about ruining the diamond trade, and only wants to make enough to give George and me a start, since *you* won't. Well, I've given you the first offer, though you don't deserve it. Since you won't take it, I'll go to Hulder. *He'll* make us an offer."

Hulder was the old man's great rival, and he hated him like poison, as Elizabeth knew. He tried to put her off going to him, but she wouldn't be put off; and finally he agreed to witness the experiments. He came to the Professor's laboratory one afternoon and brought a couple of his experts. They were very supercilious at first; but they changed their tone when the Professor set his apparatus to work and produced some tiny little diamonds, like pins' heads.

"They're diamonds right enough," one of them owned; "but they're no use for anything but setting in cheap rings. We wouldn't give you five shillings apiece; and it costs more than that to produce them, I take it?"

"They won't interfere with my business," the old man added. "I don't deal in toy jewellery! They're very interesting, Professor; but there's no money in them."

"But suppose he can make them bigger?" Elizabeth asked.

"I'll tell you when I've seen him make them," the old man answered coolly.

"You shall!" said Elizabeth; and she helped the Professor connect up some fresh apparatus and retorts. They looked the same as those he had shown me years before, that didn't make real diamonds, but crystals that seemed like them for a few minutes and then melted away. They were so cold that they burnt you—at least, that's how it felt—and you had to hold them in a special sort of wadding.

We sat and watched the apparatus for a quarter of an hour. The Professor kept turning taps and things, and Elizabeth helped him. She had learned more about it in a couple of days than I had learned in a couple of years, and she looked very scientific in a big apron thing with a lot of pockets filled with rods and tweezers and chemicals. Presently they squeezed out a glassy lump about as big as a pigeon's egg; and Elizabeth wrapped it in woolly stuff, and held it while it cooled—or uncooled.

"It's a rose diamond in the rough," she stated.

"Until it evaporates," the second expert suggested.

"It won't evaporate," Elizabeth predicted.

After a few minutes she peeped into the wool, and touched the thing with a gloved finger. Then she touched it with her bare hand, and said it was all right.

"Now you can inspect it," she offered, and handed it to her father, and he handed it to the experts.

They waved it about in the air, and looked at it. Then they examined it carefully through lenses, and with a microscope. Then they tested it with chemicals and grunted. Then they trimmed it up with a little wheel and some paste stuff. At last they put it down and nodded at each other, and muttered to old Smith.

"Well," he pronounced, "it's a rose diamond. It may be worth a hundred pounds, or it may not. It depends on how it cuts. It's not big enough to matter to me."

"I can make larger ones," the professor declared, rubbing his hands. "Much larger ones! And any quantity of them. Thousands and thousands!"

"Then," said old Smith, "you can corner the market in rose diamonds. Make a few and you'll do very well. Make too many and you'll ruin the market. It doesn't matter to me. I deal in brilliants."

"I can make brilliants," said the Professor, with a chuckle.

"Make them," said old Smith curtly. "It's no use talking."

Elizabeth and the Professor set the apparatus going again, and we waited another quarter of an hour while the Professor tried to explain his formula to old Smith, and old Smith tried to explain the diamond market to the Professor. I don't know if they made each other understand. They didn't make me. I nearly went to sleep; and the experts went and looked out of the window and yawned, and Elizabeth ran about turning taps and stirring things up with little rods. At last she called the Professor, and they pulled a lot of levers and squeezed out another glassy lump. Elizabeth declared that it was a brilliant, and snuggled it up in wool, and wouldn't let anyone peep at it.

"Give it to me," old Smith growled. "I'll hold it." And she handed him the little bundle of wool.

"You mustn't open it for three minutes," she told him, "or it will be spoilt."

He gave it three minutes by his watch. Then he unwrapped it, and they examined it as before. They pronounced it a brilliant of the first water, and probably worth five thousand pounds!

"Umph!" said old Smith. "You've done me. How long are you going to give me to sell out the stuff that I've got on hand?"

"Not a day, dad," said Elizabeth. "It will be in all the papers to-morrow, so you can prepare for a slump—unless we do business."

"Look here, Elizabeth," I remonstrated, "it's a bit rough on your father."

The old man turned on me savagely.

"Business is rough," he said, "and you're a fool. Shut up!"

So I shut up; and he turned to the Professor.

"What are your terms?" he asked.

The Professor waved his hand at Elizabeth.

"Miss Smith is the business manager of the firm," he stated; and the old man turned to her.

"Well, Elizabeth?" he asked; and she considered, touching her lip with her finger.

"Well, dad," she said, "the Professor isn't a business man. He doesn't care about flooding the market and ruining trade. You can square him if you can square me."

"What do you want?"

"I want just what I should have had if I hadn't insisted on marrying George. It's my own money really, because I'm your daughter, and you ought to want me to have it; and I expect you do—you needn't grunt! You can do it without going back on your word, because it isn't giving, but paying. It's a matter of business."

The old man nodded slowly; and half grinned and half frowned.

"That's right," he assented. "I'll buy the thing on those terms."

"Oh dear, no!" said Elizabeth. "There's no buying. The Professor isn't going to have *you* flood the market. If you agree, the 'thing' won't be used, that's all."

"Very well." He waved his hand at the experts, and they went. They laughed as they closed the door.

"Thank you, dad," Elizabeth said, and kissed him. "Now be nice." She jerked her head towards me. She always wanted us to be friends.

Elizabeth and I were married a few months later. Old Smith set us up very handsomely, and we got on very well with him. We got on capitally with each other, and I thought that living with Elizabeth sharpened me up a bit.

We had been married six months when we had the Professor to dinner. When Elizabeth and he were talking and laughing about the diamond machine he let something slip. I didn't say anything before him, and they thought I didn't take it in; but I did.

When he had gone I took Elizabeth by the arm.

"Elizabeth," I said, "you cheated your father about those diamonds."

She turned a bit pale, though she tossed her head.

"It was—business," she said. "You see—"

"No," I said, "I don't see; and I won't see. So it's no use arguing."

She stared at me, and opened her mouth to speak, but didn't.

"The crystals that the Professor made," I went on, "weren't diamonds. They evaporated in the wool. You put the real diamonds in beforehand. It was cheating."

"It was only father," she protested; "and it was my money by rights; and I don't care."

"I do," I told her.

She looked at me for a long time. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Tell your father, and give up the money," I said.

Elizabeth gave a little laughing scream, and caught hold of me. "You're going to keep *me*?" she cried.

"Why," I said, "of course."

"Then I *don't* care," she asserted, "except for father. He will be so sorry that—that—" She blinked a little.

"That you did it," I suggested; and she wiped her eyes and stamped her foot.

"You are stupid," she said. "He'll be sorry that I've been found out, and that he can't give me his money. If you understood it properly—"

"Now look here, Elizabeth," I said, "I understand it my own way, and I never shall understand it any other way. You won't get round me by any of your cleverness; and you may as well give it up."

"George," she said calmly, "I give it up. You may kiss me."

I went round to her father's office the next morning, and burst my way through the clerks into his private office. He said he had no time to talk to me, but I sat down and told him I'd wait till he had. That seemed to please him, and he laid down his pen and chuckled.

"What's it about?" he asked.

"The diamonds that the Professor made," I said. "He didn't make them really."

"Of course he didn't," he said. "Your hussy of a wife—my hussy of a daughter—changed them in the wool."

"And—you—knew!" I gasped.

He laughed slowly.

"And Elizabeth guessed that I knew," he told me, "if you come to that. It was her way of saving my face—about not breaking my word; and now you've gone and spoilt it like—dash it all!—like the straight sort of chap I wanted to marry my girl. She's a better judge of men than she is of diamonds!"

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

PRINCESS MARY OF WALES

has now risen to the dignity of a boudoir of her own, and her mother is at present superintending the fitting-up of this room at Marlborough House. The cosy little apartment, which overlooks the extensive gardens, is to be furnished very simply, and green is the prevailing colour in the paper and decorations.

In the summer the young Princess is to be handed over to the care of a governess preparatory to going to a boarding-school next spring. Hitherto the Princess of Wales has instructed her daughter herself, and for some subjects she has joined her elder brothers in their lessons from their tutor. Lately, too, Princess Mary has been given swimming lessons, and she is said to be making very fine progress in this art, while she is already quite a capable horsewoman, and when at York Cottage is to be seen daily riding about the grounds of Sandringham. Like her mother, the young Princess is very clever with her needle, and some of the articles she has made lately will be offered for sale at one of the big Society bazaars that are to be held this season.

Lord Dillon.

Lord Dillon, who has just had the honour of lecturing on arms and armour at the Royal Academy by special invitation, is a great authority on all antiquarian lore. Like his son, he was at one time an officer in the Rifle Brigade, and while serving in Canada he met and wooed the charming Miss Stanton, who thus became one of the small group of Canadian peeresses. Lord Dillon has sold his estates in Roscommon, and now lives entirely at Ditchley, his beautifully wooded seat in Oxfordshire. There he has a marvellous collection of family portraits. Among these you may see limned by Kneller the Lord and Lady Lichfield who married at the ages of fourteen and thirteen respectively, and had eighteen children. The gardens at Ditchley are famous for a flower-bed representing the family coat-of-arms, in which the flowers are all of the correct heraldic colours.

Stern Necessity.

Than Sir Bindon Blood noman better understands the stern necessity of the policy on the North West Frontier of "raid and scuttle" which he has been discussing in the *Times*. It is work which the British soldier does not love, but it is the only way in which the ferocious murderers of the hills

can be kept in check. Sir Bindon carried through the work ten years ago, and a time of desperate fighting it was. Of his force of 1200 he lost 33 officers and 249 men killed and wounded, while the enemy lost 350 killed and from 700 to 800 wounded. The victory was complete for the time being. The rebel khans came in to submit. They gave up such arms as were available; they furnished security for those outstanding. They invoked the blessing of their gods upon Sir Bindon's head when he told them that he did not propose to inflict a fine upon them. But when he thought of the natives suffering tortures from their wounds in the hillside villages, and offered to send doctors and medicaments, they thought that it involved a snare. They refused. And he came back and left them to their dead and dying, their dismantled forts, their ruined villages, their ruined crops, with winter upon them. The soldier does not love this work, but it is the only way.

The King's Latest Painter-Etcher.

The news that the King has given Mr. William Strang, the painter-etcher, commissions for portraits of George Meredith and Lord Cromer will delight all-lovers of art, and is, incidentally, strong evidence of our Sovereign's independent taste and judgment. For Mr. Strang's work is certainly not of the kind that appeals to the crowd. He is now nearly fifty, and, like so many other of our great artists, he won his first recognition in Paris—a silver medal for etching. Now he may really be called the King's painter, for he has already done portraits of Lord Knollys and Sir Dighton Probyn for his Majesty, and has also been allowed to range at will over the magnificent art collections at Windsor.



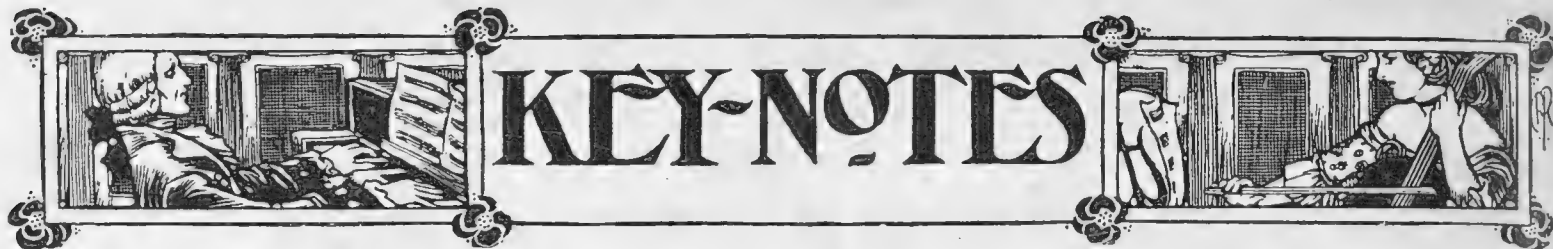
THE WOMAN BEHIND THE GUN: LADY GRIZEL HAMILTON, WITH A CAPE BUFFALO SHOT BY HERSELF.

Lady Grizel, who is the wife of the Master of Belhaven, and a daughter of Lord Dundonald, has been on a big-game shooting expedition in East Africa. The Cape buffalo, it may be mentioned, is generally considered the most dangerous of all big game. The bagging of the particular animal illustrated entailed hours of crawling under a blazing sun.



THE WOMAN BEHIND THE GUN: LADY GRIZEL HAMILTON, WITH THE HIPPOPOTAMUS SHOT IN THE TANA RIVER BY HERSELF.

Lady Grizel and her party came across a large "school" of hippopotami playing in a deep pool. On the approach of Lady Grizel the beasts took fright, and sought refuge under the water. At last one showed his ears and eyes above the surface, and at once received a bullet below the ear. He sank, but the body was recovered in a couple of hours.



MR. MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI very kindly came over from Paris last week to conduct a concert of his own compositions at the Queen's Hall, where he was assisted by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, and he succeeded in imparting to the concert-room a certain mid-Victorian atmosphere to which it has long been a stranger. Mr. Moszkowski's music reminds us of nothing so much as a well-laid-out suburban garden, in which all possible effects are obtained upon a piece of ground covering something less than half an acre. Lawn, shrubbery, vegetable-garden, orchard, glass houses, forcing-pits, vinery, conservatory, ornamental lake, tennis-court — one and all are to be found there, laid out with mathematical precision, everything in its right place, nothing taking more than it is strictly entitled to, and the result would be wholly satisfactory if the average height of man were 1 ft. 6 in. instead of 5 ft. 9 in. In fact, Mr. Moszkowski belongs to the time when we were all extremely young and mentally 1 ft. 6 in. high, when his compositions received almost as much attention from the piano as Suppé's abominable overture "The Poet and the Peasant," or an arrangement of the most popular airs from "Faust" by Sidney Smith. If Mr. Moszkowski had not come over from Paris, and if we had not seen him in London before, we should have regarded him much as the late J. M. Whistler regarded a famous Press-cutting agency. In point of fact the composer, who is a pianist of considerable attainments, is much younger than his music, for he was born little more than fifty years ago.

By the time this number of *The Sketch* is published Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland will have read his paper on "Joseph Joachim as a Composer" to the members of the Concert-Goers' Club and their friends, and in order that we may not be prejudiced by the

eloquence of the distinguished critic of the *Times*, we hasten to venture an opinion that Joachim can hardly be taken seriously as a composer save by those whose admiration for the man and the performer has obscured their critical sense. Joachim was first and foremost an interpreter of other men's music. When he turned to composition the result was little short of deplorable. Difficulty and dullness march hand in hand through the pages of many of his own scores, and of all the work we have heard there is little or nothing that leaves us absolutely anxious to hear it again. The overtures are perhaps the brightest

make with great satisfaction to a critical audience, quite conscious that those who understand anything about the technique of his instrument will appreciate what he has done. But these qualities, of which Dr. Joachim's work had quite a good share, do not constitute first-class music, and if Joachim had not been the extraordinary player he was it may be doubted whether his compositions would have received any more attention than falls to the lot of the work that is turned out with such unfailing regularity by countless professors of the violin who inflict the unripe or over-ripe product of their genius upon more or less willing pupils.

Although we are not to hear any complete "Ring" at Covent Garden during the Grand Season, it is generally understood that two of the "Ring" operas, including "Die Walküre," will be given under Dr. Richter's direction, and that the first part of the season, which opens on April 30, will be devoted very largely to German Opera. It is believed that the successful experiment that has just come to an end will be repeated in January next, when, in addition to the "Ring" operas, "Tristan," and perhaps the "Meistersinger," will be given in English. The happy result of the short season under Dr. Richter's direction has brought a large number of correspondents into the field, some seeking to prove that we are now beyond all doubt a musical nation, the others equally convinced that we have shown ourselves to be the reverse. Doubtless the people least concerned with the controversy are those who have brought their money to the box-office and supported the recent undertaking. The one fault made by the controversialists consists in writing letters while Parliament is sitting and space in newspapers is at a premium; probably much eloquence that would have flourished and been extremely beneficial during the silly season has gone to the waste-paper basket.

Doubtless the case of Horspool versus Cummings will speedily be forgotten by all save those responsible for any part of the costs of the undertaking, but it should serve to call the attention of the rank and file of the singing public to the great dangers they run when they respond to advertisements that promise more than any conscientious professor of singing would undertake to accomplish. The delicacy of the human voice cannot be insisted upon too often, and the rough-and-ready treatment to which it is all too frequently exposed wastes the ranks of those who would have been able to sing well had they been carefully trained. All who respond to the reckless advertisements of men who have patents for voice-productions are in the position of those who turn to patent medicines for the remedy of a serious illness. The voice requires its physician just as the body does, and there are far too many professors in London to-day whose qualifications are of the slightest, whose belief in themselves is absolutely genuine, whose capacity for doing harm is infinite.

COMMON CHORD.



THE TENOR WHO WAS ACCOMPANIED ON THE STAGE BY A POLICE GUARD: SIGNOR CARLOS ALBANI.

Signor Albani, the well-known and popular member of the San Carlo Grand Opera Company, recently had an extraordinary experience. He was playing Manrico in "Il Trovatore," and the whole time he was on the stage he was followed by a Boston police-detective in ordinary walking clothes. Mr. Hammerstein had a dispute over a contract with the singer, and it was the detective's business to arrest Signor Albani, that the case might be tried. Instead of doing this at once, he gave the artist permission to continue his part, on condition that he watched him. After the curtain fell, the manager of the company got the singer released on bail. The audience, it may be noted, hissed the detective every time he made an appearance on the stage.

and best of his compositions, and of these there are four. Of course, there is much that the musician can admire in Joachim's writing for the violin. It is so full of difficulties that are not of the showy order, so full of points that a really good violinist may



A JAVANESE SOPRANO WHO IS NOW SINGING IN EUROPE: MISS NONAH NINAH KAMAJOE.

Miss Kamajoe is under the patronage of the Queen-Mother of the Netherlands, and owes much of her training to her Majesty. She has appeared with success in Prague and in Vienna.

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WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Generation of Giraffes.

The true portent of the huge girls who are growing up around us is at last scientifically explained by a professor of Toulouse. Future generations—both men and women—will be generations of giraffes. The white man, it appears, is evolving towards a type with

nine pairs of ribs, through the disappearance of the first and the last two. With this curious evolution of the human structure the neck will become longer and more mobile.

The prospect is somewhat disquieting, for it is not everyone who finds an abnormally long, wiggly throat attractive. Who was the humourist who declared that, after nine inches, the neck became monotonous? It is fearful to contemplate the height of the collar which will be required by a young man of fashion (if there be any such) in the year 3000, or the numbers of rows of pearls in the dog-collar of a debutante of the same year. Moreover, with this elimination of superfluous ribs, we are told that the spine will

the Japanese puts an end to himself for reasons of pride, sensitiveness, remorse, or patriotism. The American, it seems, wants to quit the Feast of Life because he has too many good things at it. It looks as if our Transatlantic kinsmen had inherited too large a share of "le spleen" with which we English are always credited by foreign caricaturists and critics. At any rate, it would appear as if monster fortunes and unrivalled prosperity made people wretched rather than happy, a theory which I hasten to offer to Socialists and to all persons down at heel, and other individuals who find our present system of the distribution of wealth defective. But it must be owned that women are made less unhappy by wealth than men—probably because they generally use it with greater wisdom, and, as becomes inspired materialists, make it conduce to the well-being of the family and of the race.

Alien Pets.

The British dog might seem to be in danger of extinction were it not that our fox-terriers, bulldogs, cocker-spaniels, and Airedales are immensely esteemed on the Continent. Here, to judge by the number of exhibits of alien doggies at the recent show, it would appear that women's fancies, at any rate, turn in the direction of weird little creatures from Tokio and Peking, with the faces of faience monsters. The tiny chestnut-brown Pomeranian—which always looks like a cross between a squirrel and a Persian cat—is no doubt an engaging little companion, but it would be a pity if this Prussian intruder ousted all our British toy-dogs from the best place on the hearth-rug and a seat by milady in her motor. Strange tricks, too, are being played in the breeding of our most renowned canine persons, so that you see tall, straight-legged fox-terriers and even Blenheims and King Charleses with the same characteristics. A friend of mine who went to Woodstock to purchase a "Blennie" was amazed to see that all the famous spaniels had "run to legs." On his objecting, he was met with the crushing retort, "The Dook, 'e likes 'em long!"

Should Women Argue?

"Personally, I never argue," says Lord Borrodaile in "The Convert," when that engaging nobleman essays to wean the heroine from joining the suffragist cause. It is, to be sure, a reposeful attitude, which woman would do well to follow, except, of course, when she has mounted the platform for her own—or her husband's—political ends. The female person who has mastered the art of argument is apt to be a terror in the domestic circle, and that is the principal reason why debating clubs should be sternly repressed. Moreover, it is seldom necessary for the wife or mother to voice her reasons, since she invariably has her way in the end.



(Copyright.)

A NEW SPRING HAT OF PALE-GREY CHIP.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

become more flexible, so that one may presume that posterity will be able to climb like a bear, spring like a cat, and perform other feats from which we are at present debarred by our imperfectly developed organisms. But what seems certain is that, if we may believe present indications, in point of physical structure the new girl is going to be the superior of the new boy.

Uses and Abuses of Paper.

I have long thought it an impious act to cut down a virgin forest in order to make a hundred American Sunday newspapers a year. How much better for the body and the soul of the citizen if he spent his Sunday sitting under those umbrageous trees instead of converting them into wood-pulp on which to print five hundred columns of more or less indifferent matter. But man is anything but a reasonable animal, and he will probably denude the earth of its last twig before he gives up the habit of the morning paper. When the last twig is gone, and no more wood-pulp is available, humanity will invent some other means of seeing the news of the day. Meanwhile, a more reasonable use is being made of wood-fibre by converting it into material for clothes. Very soon, it would seem, we shall all be clothed in paper, which is one-tenth the price of linen and looks every whit as well. I confess the idea has its fascinations. Paper clothes, when soiled, would be thrown away, and we should be no more thrall to the laundress, while, owing to the cheapness of the material, we could have five-and-twenty new petticoats a year instead of five, a possibility calculated to excite even the least frivolous of us. But even this prospect bids us pause, for paper, at present, can only be manufactured from wood, while trees are the most beautiful of all living things, and are growing scarcer as we advance on our wild career of "civilisation."

The Wretched Rich.

The rich, it seems—at any rate, in America—are the people who are most liable to shuffle off this mortal coil by their own act. Suicide. It seems over there, is always endemic in times of great prosperity. It seems incredible that during the last decade—one of exceptional and extraordinary well-being—the number of self-slain in the United States amounts to an army of sixty thousand people. Now



(Copyright.)

AN EMPIRE GOWN IN CHARMEUSE SATIN AND LACE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

ALTHOUGH the Queen, the Princesses, and their suites were all in black last week at the Court, it was by no means a sombre sight that they presented. Queen Alexandra wore the small crown in magnificent diamonds which Queen Victoria had made for her Jubilee, and which she left to her daughter-in-law. It is an imperial crown, and of surpassing brilliance owing to the great beauty of the stones. This was but one of the many magnificent jewels which flashed all the more imposingly that the Queen's dress was black. The ribbon of the Garter made a slanting line of colour across her bodice, the left side of which glittered with the badges of several Orders which, worn by her Majesty, are made in finest jewels. Deprived by influenza of the attendance of the Mistress of the Robes, and of that of the Marchioness of Lansdowne for the same reason, the Marchioness of Salisbury acted in the capacity of Mistress of the Robes, dressed in black, jetted net over white satin, and wearing an all-black train, as etiquette requires when the Queen is wearing mourning. The other ladies were those in waiting in the usual course.

The majority of those attending were in half-mourning Court costumes, the wives of Ambassadors and Ministers being, as a rule, in black. Next week the dress will be brighter. There were more presentations in the general company than usual at the first State reception of the season, and several very pretty girls made their curtsies. The only daughter of the Mexican Minister, Señora Covarrubias, was one of these. In a soft, poetic dress of tulle and white roses, her brilliant style of Spanish beauty made quite an effect. Miss Irwine, whose mother, Mrs. de Burgh Turner, is an Irishwoman, was a handsome blonde, wearing a lovely soft white tulle illusion dress showered with silver shamrocks. Lady Almont presented a pretty Irish girl, Lady Eileen Browne, the eldest of her three Irish-named daughters. Another charming débutante was Miss Hilda de Trafford, whose mother is Lady Agnes de Trafford. She was in soft white and silver, with a satin train.

The Duchess of Newcastle attended, and wore a beautiful dress of white satin shot with gold and trimmed with lovely guipure lace wrought with gold thread. Her lovely figure was seen at its best in the adapted Empire style of the gown, and the train was most becomingly attached with gold cords and tassels. It was of thick, rich, creamy-tinted lace over satin, bordered all round with ermine. Crowned with a high all-round tiara of diamonds, and wearing superb necklets and ornaments to match, she made an imposing figure. Next week the Duke's niece is to be married in Westminster Cathedral on the eve of Lent to Major Vaughan, a handsome member of the soldier-and-priest family to which Father Bernard Vaughan belongs.

I see that men are adopting the pleated shirt. I also see that one side of this garment, as displayed in a well-known man's shop, has the pleats ruffled up to show that the front is pleated. The

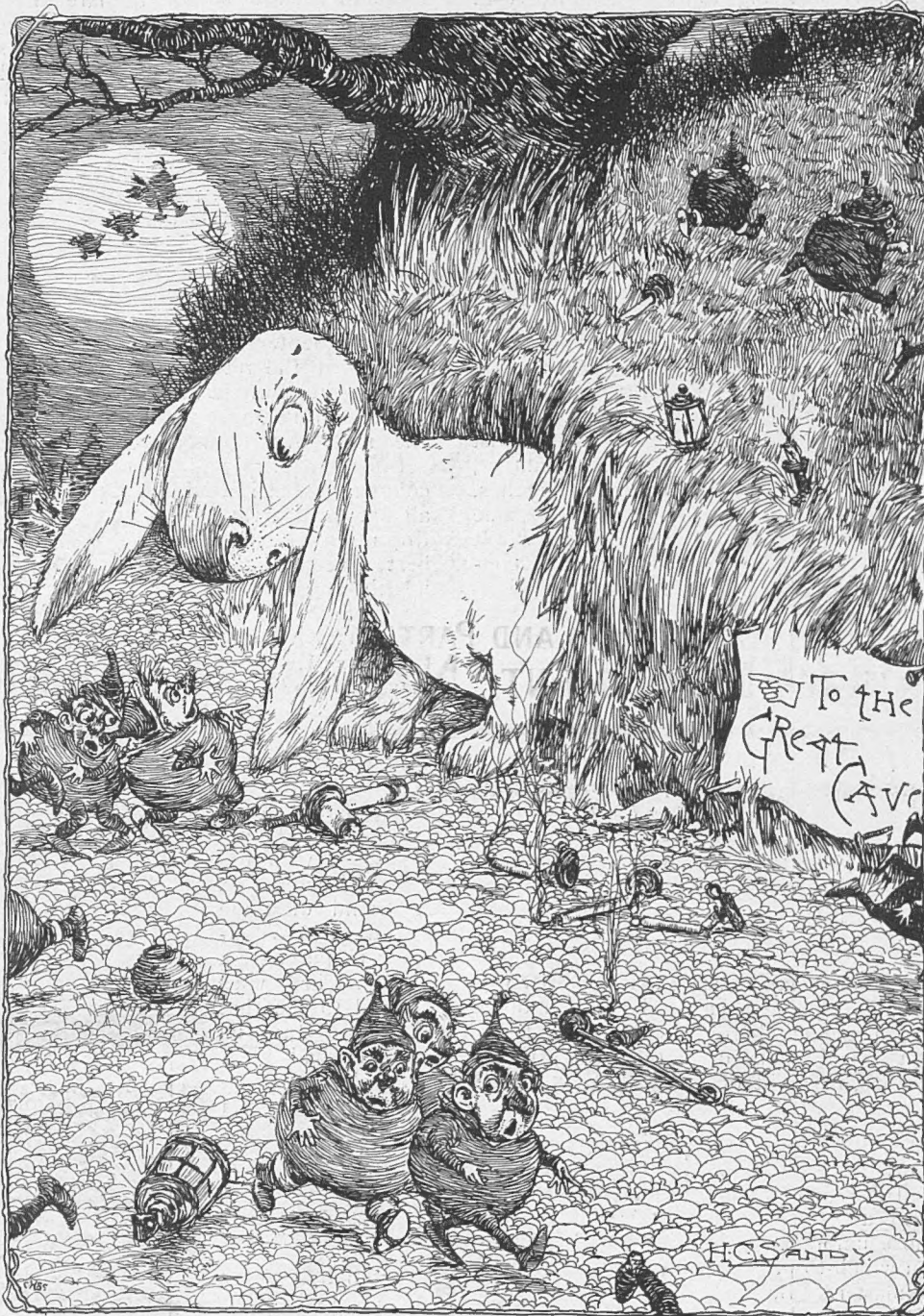
other side looks as immaculately flat as ever. Therefore I take it that mankind is to be led by a very slender silken thread into the ways of feminine dalliance with pleats and frills. Bolder were the steps taken by American tailors who devised shirt-waists—Anglicé, blouses—for their men clients one hot summer and rose up to find themselves detested by many in authority for making the grand male creature seem effeminate. No doubt the suffragettes will welcome the pleated shirt as the first step to their level of the sex whose power they mean first to share and then to usurp. If the pleats are all pressed down the first step is so infinitesimal that I think it less logical than not allowing a rate-paying woman to vote if she cares to take the trouble to do so.

The Duchess of Westminster is giving a big ball this week at Eaton Hall, which will be to all intents the Cheshire Hunt Ball, since the Duke this year took up the Mastership of the Cheshire United. The Duchess is as good a hostess as she is a fine horsewoman, and all who have seen her in the field know that to be high praise. Before her marriage she made a hunting tour of Ireland with her uncle, and had a spell with almost every well-known Irish pack, finally taking a fall and fracturing an arm. Since her marriage she has hunted regularly in Cheshire, and at autumn sports and polo matches at Eaton she rode cross-saddle and looked remarkably well. She dresses as beautifully for the ball-room, as scrupulously neatly for the saddle. She has had on several occasions the honour of being hostess to the King and Queen, also the Princess of Wales, whose brother is the Duke's uncle by marriage.

Dress at last week's Court, and those prepared for this, show that there is no diminution in the favour accorded to the adapted Empire style, which is practically Princess in front and at the back falling in long pleats from quite a high waist. It is not new—we had it through last season; but it is vastly becoming to the figure. The length of line from waist to hem gives a look of height and grace that appeals to women greatly. All the time the tendency is really to lengthen

the back, for which reason corsets are several inches longer than last year. The highly placed pleats of ethereal fabric are so much more effective falling from a flat, straight, long back, which also greatly aids the correct carriage of figure, a most important affair in the wearing of any frock. This will be conceded by all who studied the deportment of women and girls who passed the King and Queen on Thursday night. So many would have been the better for attention from a modern Mr. Turveydrop. On the whole, however, English women are improving vastly in carriage.

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found a drawing of a dress uncompromisingly Empire in character. It is of that fascinating soft rich satin called charmeuse. It is of aluminium grey, and round the high waist-line are oxidised cords and tassels. The bodice is mostly made of lace dyed exactly the same shade of grey, and falling down over the front of the skirt in long stole ends. There will also be found an illustration of a new spring hat of pale-grey chip, finished with a *chou* of velvet and ostrich-feathers.



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 10.

SOME INTERESTING MEETINGS.

DURING the week in which these lines will meet our readers' eyes an unusual number of interesting Company meetings will take place. We shall have from the Chairman of the Peking Syndicate some account of the compulsory sale of the Shansi concession, and indirectly a valuable résumé of the present position of foreign concession-holders in China, which cannot fail to be of interest to the many persons holding shares in numerous other Companies connected with Chinese matters. The Premier Diamond meeting should tell us something as to the prospects of disposing of the high production of precious stones in the near future, and the week will wind up with the long-expected meeting of the Chartered Company and afford some insight into the prospects of the new issue. Without desiring to add anything to the market estimate given by "The House Hunter" in his letter from the Stock Exchange, we cannot refrain from calling the attention of our readers to the depressing effect which the existence of the proposed options must have on the prospects of any substantial rise in the price of Chartered shares for the next four years. Any speculative buyer can see the limit of the profit for a very long period, because with the call of two million shares spread over some ten thousand people, however improving the prospects, it must be impossible to push prices to anything much above 20s., and half the temptation to buy Chartered shares appears to us to disappear.

MONEY.

The existing stringency is recognised on all hands as being only temporary, and as soon as some of the public money now accumulated at the Bank of England is released, it is pretty certain that easy conditions and a reduction in the Bank Rate must follow. It is the prospect of cheap money which has already improved the position of all gilt-edged stocks so much, and promises to improve them still further.

HOME RAILWAY IMPRESSIONS.

We suppose our friend The Jobber would say that only a volcano could create a rising tendency in Home Rails, and that a temporary one. Certainly, the sluggishness of the Home Railway market has been one of the sorest disappointments hitherto evoked by the New Year. Two months have all but fled, and the state of Home Railway stocks is one of profound inertia, depression, stagnation. Occasional bursts of faint animation come from time to time, the contrast serving to deepen the gloom into which the market is plunged before and after the fitful activity. As speculative propositions, there is little to go for in Home Rails. As investments they merit more consideration, and the first point that the inquirer comes into sharp contact with is the question of dividends being maintained. In the face of a decline in trade, is it worth while to invest money in these securities, relying upon the dividends being such as will return the $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. obtainable on the basis of the last two half-yearly distributions? We doubt it. Throw the benevolent attitude of the Board of Trade into one scale and add the likelihood of cheaper money; and in the other you must put the increasing burden of expenses, of which the Miners' Eight Hours Bill furnishes but a single example. You must put the new capital requirements: the North Western, for example, wants about three and half millions of money. Leave a decline in trade out of the question altogether if you like. And on which side does the balance dip, do you think?

AMERICAN AMENITIES.

To make the best of things admittedly bad is the *raison de vivre* of the American wire-puller. Why, you ask, should he not want to make the worst of things, instead of the best? For the very simple reason that he has been landed with shares and stock for some time past, and knowing how bad things are in United States railroad circles, he wants to "out" his holdings at the least possible loss. Things are bad, we mean, financially. And commercially, of course, it can't be said that the present or the future prospect is particularly dazzling. One hears so much of America's wonderful recuperative power; one recognises, too, that the country certainly isn't going either to the dogs or to the bears; but for all that, the railroads have got a nasty piece of the curve still in front of them, and the worst is far from being over. You have but to consider the fact that Union Pacifics, a ten per cent. stock, stand round about 120 to understand how clearly our Transatlantic cousins see the fly in the ointment. Nor will cheaper money on our side go far in mitigation of the trouble arising from combined lack of confidence and funds. So, if your friend tells you to buy Yankees for all you're worth, just grin—and bear them.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Some clever wag invented for the epitaph of any Stock Exchange member the words—

WAITING FOR A RISE.

and the phrase would form an excellent text for the headstones of most of us at the present time. A rise there was soon after the year began, and the sudden slide of the Bank Rate from 7 per cent. to 4 per cent. encouraged wild hopes of better business. Therefore the House went an all-round bull of things, from Consols downwards, rather specialising in Home Rails. Now, the Stock Exchange makes as bad a buyer as any woman, because directly the expected shows signs of not happening the House fairly tumbles over itself in efforts to get

out, and very often sells a bear in passing, in order to recoup the loss made on the other tack. Much of the rise in the earliest weeks this year was traceable to Stock Exchange buying, and the failure of the public to rush in and buy stock on the last two reductions in the Bank Rate caused profound disappointment and disgusted sales. The markets, however, are now fairly clear of much speculative account in either direction, and ought to be capable of yielding to the persuasions of cheaper money that they should improve.

To my own mind the Consol Market presents the best arena for bull operations. A batch of stocks, Consols included, will be quoted *ex dividend* on March 2, and with the very distinct prospect of a drop in the Bank Rate—certainly during March—the Capel Court catalogue looks distinctly attractive. One hesitates, for several reasons, to suggest speculation. For one thing, the bucket-shops snatch up the advice and use it in their own pernicious literature in order to induce people to subscribe to their options, and so on. For another, I frankly don't believe in speculation, since, in the long run, the gambler nearly always loses his money. Thirdly, however one may emphasise the fact when pointing out a *gamble*, there are always people who consider themselves injured if the tip does not "come off." Nevertheless, to such as care for a speculation, Consols, Irish and Indian scrip do offer tempting opportunities for bull speculation, and I doubt whether the coming new issues in this market will affect prices to any material extent. Of course, advice respecting speculation holds equally good with regard to investment: it is, in fact, still more applicable.

Rather hard lines, issuing another million pounds Grand Trunk Guaranteed right on the heels of the recent Grand Trunk Pacific Fours. The Company is piling up indebtedness at a rate which confirms the opinion expressed before in *The Sketch* that Trunk Thirds are too high.

The directors of the Chartered Company possess a faith in their fellow-shareholders which can only be described as sublime. I doubt if even the Randfontein Estates, the Lisbon-Berlyn, the Otto's Kopje, or the Glenrock Consolidated would have had the cool effrontery required to put such a scheme before their shareholders. However, they've done it, and what remains to be seen is how the public will take the shares. Judging from correspondence I have received from country clients, the option scheme is hardly understood. One man writes to say that nobody out of Bedlam would dream of taking Chartered shares at 20s. when the market price was 15s. Another marvels that the directors can be sanguine enough to suppose shareholders will pay 33 per cent. more than is necessary. The option is missed, and I take it that it will be missed—unless very fully explained by the Board at the meeting—by a large body of the proprietors. Underwriting has apparently not been attempted, but there is a very prevalent opinion in the market that the Company took steps in advance to secure the success of the issue, although I am told by those who ought to know that out of the £900,000 wanted as a minimum, the Chartered Company could get no more than £200,000 guaranteed.

The hopelessness of the unhappy Company's outlook is pitiable. Goodness only knows what will be its end. Dividends are obviously out of all question for at least five years, and the only object in subscribing to the new shares is to bolster up the concern for a little while longer. In other words, it is throwing good money after bad.

Some few days ago dealings were started in shares called Clement's Lead. The property is situated in Ireland, and the capital is £150,000. As you value your money, have nothing whatever to do with it. You may be strongly urged to buy. Don't.

Into the toils of the controversy about Pahang Consolidated shares I have not the least desire to enter. The *Times* and the *Morning Post* both endorsed the fairness of the directors' defence on the charges made against the Board "off-loading" on to a credulous public at inflated prices. I have no desire, let me repeat, to enter the area of attack and defence, but this much it becomes me to say: However the Pahang Consolidated may turn out, whether it meet failure or success—and all mining ventures are before all else speculative—the shareholders may rest assured that their interests are being protected and developed by a Board of directors which for integrity, perseverance, and honest, hard work could be matched by few in this City.

By the way, it is somewhat remarkable what close connection exists between the law and the journalism that deals with finance. I think it is correct to say that Mr. Hartley Withers, the City Editor of the *Times*, has been called to the Bar; Mr. Reeve, City Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, was a practising barrister before he came into the City; Mr. C. H. Thorpe, until the other day City Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has taken silk. These three leading dailies are strengthened in their attitude by a notable addition in the person of the Editor of the principal financial weekly, Mr. F. W. Hirst, who edits the *Economist*, having also been called to the Bar. It would appear as though success in the higher walks of financial journalism were largely dependent upon legal training. Being without that necessary qualification, allow me, dear reader, to rescue you from any further present attentions of

THE HOUSE HUNTER.

Saturday, Feb. 22, 1908

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor.

The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BERKELEY.—Your securities, including the Railway Debentures, are absolutely safe, and you need not be nervous about any of them. In our opinion, you will find they have all improved considerably before the end of the year.

GAMBLE.—Whatever the Anti-Gambling League may do in the way of bringing a test case about the Limerick competitions, you need not fear that, as a competitor, you run a risk of prosecution. The idea is too absurd.

E. S. Y.—See "Q's" note last week. Buy good Argentine Railway stocks, such as B. A. and Rosario and B. A. and Pacific.

LADY.—The people whose circular you send us are to be avoided. The whole system is a swindle, and if you send them cash you will never see it again. Consult your local bank manager.

S. J.—Any respectable broker will be quite willing to deliver the stocks, or, rather, certified transfers for the same, to your bank, payment against delivery, so that you need run no risk.

J. E. B.—Your letter has been handed to the publishing department, who will communicate with you as to subscription.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Warwick the following may go close: County Hurdle, Honore; Warwick Steeplechase, Razorbill; Avon Hurdle, Yeoman; Coventry Steeplechase, Bank Rate; Wellesbourne Hurdle, Master-at-Arms; Watgall Hurdle, Sea Kid. At Newbury the following should run well: Gateley Steeplechase, Ross; Spring Hurdle, Caruso; Berks Hurdle, D'Orsay; Newbury Steeplechase, Rubio; Hunters' Hurdle, Cup, Acme. I like these for Haydock Park: February Hurdle, Golden Mischief; Flexton Steeplechase, Dustman; Earlstown Hurdle, Jack; Grand National Trial Steeplechase, Seisdon Prince; Great Central Steeplechase, Ravenscliffe; Four-Year-Old Hurdle, Hallgate.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"*The Grain Carriers*," By Edward Noble. (Blackwood.)—"The Standertons." By the Earl of Ellesmere. (Heinemann.)—"The Master of Means." By Herbert George. (Greening.)

"THE Grain Carriers" is that exceedingly rare thing, a novel with a purpose that is neither purposeless nor prosy. To the landsman it will be a revelation; to the seaman, either a sermon or a warning. Its business is to turn the rays of a search-light on a phase of life whose existence the average man would deny point blank, arguing that it were impossible nowadays, whatever might have been the case years ago. It seeks to show, indeed, that those to whom the Big Loaf is a fetish are apt to forget that on occasion to cheapen the staff of life is to remove the necessity for a staff, and that too often there waves over the British merchantman "the blood-red flag of England—an emblem no longer honestly sewn, but printed, cheap, in Germany." Hear the author, what uncomfortable words he says—

The *Padrone* lorded nothing at this moment—least of all herself. She lay guzzling the sea, which had conquered her. As a warehouse, she was a failure; as a ship, inefficient; as a competitor with the Germans, the French, and all the tribe who stood smiling at her ugliness, she was unfit. She lacked strength. She lacked honest work at the hands of those who built her. She lacked buoyancy—all the attributes of a ship. She was a tank, a biscuit-box rounded at the ends; and the nation which desires cheap grain, cheap cloaks, cheap pots and pans, in order that it may find more spare cash for beer and music-halls, which justifies competition—the fierce, cut-throat competition of modern days—may take her as a sample of the coffins which crawl the world's great waterways that it may live.

She may also take it, according to Mr. Noble, that the coffins are manned largely by aliens, many of them shanghaied to replace deserters; that mutiny is a commonplace; that the crew work under the muzzle of a revolver; that orders are obeyed only when he who issues the orders has the whip hand. In a word, it is man against the elements and elemental man. With these conditions Mr. Noble is concerned, and his manner of treating them is both forceful and fascinating. He does not disdain a love interest in his book, but it is not that which makes the work what it is. "The Grain Carriers," should call attention to the British Mercantile Marine, raise questions about it, as surely as "The Jungle" called attention to the Chicago stock-yards. And withal, it is an excellent novel, no mere political diatribe, a story redolent of the sea in all its moods, bustling with life, never losing its grip upon the reader.

The Earl of Ellesmere tackles a social rather than a national problem in his latest book, and goes to work with more will than

skill. His problem is one of the "What should A do?" order. Francis, fifth Baron Standerton, and a Baronet, usually known as Frank Standerton, has no particular wish to marry, but is persuaded to do so, chiefly, we are led to believe, that an heir may be born to him. He is disappointed, for his wife has no love for children. Thus it is that he turns for consolation to Betty Seddon, a girl he had saved from drowning. Betty acts Hagar to Lady Standerton's Sarah, and a daughter is born to her. Then the wife meets the mistress in Kensington Gardens and sees the child. On the same day Betty is run over and fatally injured. Lady Standerton goes to her—

It was to *this* she had driven him, and it was all her fault. . . . Then Eleanor awoke, as it were, from a trance, went forward, once more kissed the dead girl, and went downstairs.

And, when she returns home, the baby goes with her—

All she said was: "Come here, Frank, I have something to show you."

. . . He bent over the cot. . . .

"Oh, Eleanor, this is more than I deserve," he murmured hoarsely; and then, recovering his voice, he went on: "I am not trying to make excuses; I know very well that I have none to make; but the poor girl who is gone was not what kept us asunder."

"It was my foolish and perverse pride," said she.

"No, it was all my fault—my irreparable fault."

"Not quite irreparable," she whispered. . . .

"Do you really mean it, Eleanor?" he asked. . . .

"Yes. Far more really and truly than the hasty, ill-considered reply I gave to the very same question when you put it to me on our wedding day."

Certainly a curious story, not easy to be believed. Mr. Roosevelt should read it.

It is difficult to say more of "The Master of Means" than that it will please those who are pleased by the class of story it represents. It is frank melodrama, written with some spirit, if with little regard for style; there is much exciting incident in it; it is more possible than probable; it has one or two arresting characters. The Master of Means—very foul means—himself comes to meet end as the book nears its close. He has a fit and is dying—

A loud report rang out at the moment of the fall, and McCraw darted forward, fearing an accident with the pistol. . . . An amazing thing had happened. The report was not from the weapon, but from the spinal deformity, which had vanished; the man's back was as flat as an ordinary being's! . . . And then the secret of a dual life was revealed. The deformity of Mr. Vaughn Holmes was artificial. Both curvatures of breast and back were simulated by means of inflated pneumatic pads from which the air could be speedily exhausted by pressure of small valves. . . . a skilfully made wig came away in his hand . . . then the beard and whiskers were removed.

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